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The Pacific

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JULY 20, 1892.

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[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

Hope and Memory.

Across the broad river of Time, to-day,
For each wayfarer a bridge is thrown,
And the blocks that form the pillars strong
Are made of the most enduring stone.
For, though the dark stream is forever
Overflowing with tears and with blood,
Hope and memory standeth ever
In the raging, tumultuous flood.

C. E. C.

FISHING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SISKIYOU.

Go out in the highways,
Where Jesus of old,
In touch with 'the masses,'
His sweet story told.

Go out in the by-ways
And hedges of sin;
The Master's command is—
"Compel them come in!"

Though rough-hewn the pathway,
He whispers to thee,
For these ye have labored:
Ye did it for me.

Of the three northern counties in California which touch the Oregon line, Siskiyou is the middle one. Yreka, the county-seat, is connected by a short motor line with the S. P. R. R., at Montague. This region is for the most part very mountainous, with mining for gold as the chief industry. A number of beautiful valleys, well-watered and in a state of high cultivation, contain the larger towns, and supply the mines with fruit, vegetables and breadstuffs. In fishing here one needs the usual paraphernalia—net, pole, line, hook and bait. The old fish one will find to be very "gamey"; the younger, open to persuasion, but slippery; the minnows will swarm to your net. We do not on first thought like the expression "fishers of men," but Christ used it, and saw therein a profound truth. If the people of Siskiyou and other isolated parts of our world are to be saved, it will be by violent means; by "compelling them to come in"; by fishing them out of the waters of sin to breathe the pure air of a holier life. Who is the angler (angler if you please)? Every disciple of Christ—you and I; the rod? faith; the line? works; the bait? the Bread of Life; the hook? decision; the net? the Sunday-school or Y. P. S. C. E.

With this outfit, as complete as his human limitations admitted, a fisherman betook himself a few weeks ago to the mountains of Siskiyou, with earnest prayer that He who filled his disciples' nets in the olden time would again direct the cast. At Montague, a town of some three hundred people, he leaves the train. "Is there fishing here?" Why, surely, this is the place for a net—seventy-five children and no Sunday-school. On the next day, Sunday, the cast is made, and forty precious souls are drawn into the light reflected from the pages of God's Word. A journey of eighteen miles by stage, on Monday, brought our fishermen to Scott Valley. Surrounded by a cordon of majestic peaks, with broad meadows, waving grain fields and spacious homesteads, invoking the very spirit of comfort and hospitality, this is certainly a spot of Edenic charm. At Etna, Pastor Wallace was in waiting and escorted the way to the church, whither already the bell was calling the people to service. For one week the meetings were continued. Each night an invitation was offered in the way of a pledge-card reading, "God helping me, I will endeavor henceforth to live a Christian life"; the fisherman's heart was made glad by the return of many cards signed in sincerity.

Space will admit the mention of but a single interesting incident among the many brought out by the meetings. As the fisherman sat in the parlor of the little hotel, reading, the door opening out on to the sidewalk standing ajar, he noticed an old man walk back and forth a number of times and look in. He recognized him as one whom he had seen at the meeting the night before. Finally he pushed the door open, stepped in and seated himself in an awkward, nervous sort of way. Engaging in conversation, the fisherman soon discovered his trouble and the object of his call. Poor old man! This was his story: He lived forty-five miles away in the heart of the mountains, his home being only accessible by bridle trail. Sickness had driven him to town for medical treatment. Sixty-three years old, and stricken as he knew with an incurable disease, he heard the church bell ring, and for the first time in twenty-seven years he sought for comfort in the sanctuary. At the door, after the service, the fisherman felt a hand-grasp unusually warm, and was surprised with a "God bless you" whispered in his ear. As they sat talking, he said he knew that he had to die soon, and was not prepared to go; that if he should die as he was, he

knew that hell would be the only place open for him; and, sobbing like a child, he pathetically said he did not want to go there. "Would he sign the card [he had brought it in his hand], and for the time that remained endeavor to lead a Christian life?" "Yes," he said, "I will sign forty cards if it will only save my soul." Then he gladly knelt, praying in broken accents for mercy, pardon and peace. Think you not that he received them?

On the next Sunday the Sunday-school net was again brought into acquisition at Quartz Valley, just over a mountain spur, and a second school organized in a very needy district. This time the fisherman had an adventure in real water. Just before reaching the school-house, a stream disputed the way. The old road led directly across; a more recent track made a detour of several rods. Not anticipating danger, the horse was urged into the water at the old ford. Recent high waters had at this very spot washed out a deep hole, into which the horse plunged and disappeared, ears and all; the driver was pitched head first into the stream, and made the best of his way to the opposite bank; but high water did not dampen his ardor or otherwise affect the organization of the Sunday-school.

The rich gold mines about Sawyer's Bar were attracting some local attention, therefore our fisherman mounted a mule and rode away. A narrow bridle path led the only way over the mountain pass 6,500 feet high. After a hard ride of twenty-five miles—though the fisherman contended that it was fifty—he rode into the narrow, crooked street of the mountain town, just before the curtains of night were drawn. A rest of five minutes, then the town hall was hunted up and permission to use it obtained. For a consideration, the ubiquitous small boy was soon carrying the message to every door: "Meetin' to-night; parson just comed over the ridge, says 'everybody is invited.'" And everybody came. For three years in this prosperous, though isolated, mining camp, containing seventy-seven children and probably two hundred adults, no minister's lips have ever been opened to convict of sin, righteousness and judgment; no tender prayer had ever been offered at the open grave, and no voice had ever sung "Let the little ones come unto me." Dark, dark as "darkest Africa"! And how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? After a poor old drunk had sobered up and learned that there was a minister in town, he hunted him up, and, thrusting a coin into his hand, said: "Go tell the children of California not to follow the road old Jack took. I would give the whole world if I could get away from the clutches of whisky." Four times in two days the people gladly assembled to hear the story of the gospel. The children were, of course, gathered into a Sunday-school, and a Christian man found to superintend. Finally, a funeral service was conducted, and then the fisherman remounted his mule and rode back across the mountains; not, however, without the assurance that even in Sawyer's Bar he had been chosen of Christ as a "fisher of men."

One more cast of the net and the fisherman's story is done. The meshes are somewhat larger this time. It is the next Sunday evening in our little church in Etna, when fourteen young people took the Christian Endeavor pledge for the first time and became active members, thus forming the only society in that whole region.

LOYAL L. WIRT.

Rev. John Brown, D.D., Bedford, England, ministerial delegate from the Congregational Union of England and Wales to the National Council at Minneapolis, sails from Liverpool on the *Teutonic*, August 24th, which is "Black Bartholomew" day, the 230th anniversary of the voluntary exit of two thousand ministers of Christ, who came out of the Church (Episcopal) of England as Non-conformists. For their purity and independence they "had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment." Dr. Brown, a worthy successor, will receive fraternal greetings and a cordial welcome wherever God in his Providence shall bring him face to face with our American brethren. We regret to learn that we shall not have the privilege of meeting him on the Pacific Coast. Our welcome, nevertheless, is warm and fraternal, and it is our earnest prayer that his brief stay in the States may be a pleasurable remembrance to him as long as he lives.

THE CONTEMPT OF THE SALOON AND THE LIQUOR PARTIES FOR THE CHURCH OF GOD.

BY REV. SAMUEL BRISTOL.

"Our soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those that are at ease, and with the contempt of the proud." (Ps. cxliii: 4.) The recent National Convention of the two great political parties at Chicago and Minneapolis were a disgrace to civilization, not to say to Christianity. That at Chicago offered its usual bid for the dive and gutter vote by inserting in its platform the usual "anti-temperance" plank, which everybody knows means free liquor, cheap, and enough of it, with the drunkenness and debauchery sure to follow in its train. Of course, the make-up of that gathering was largely anti-reform, anti-temperance and nearly everything that a Christian loves. Of course, those were gala days with the saloons and places of dissipation during its stay in Chicago. We are not surprised. We expected it.

But what of that other which met in Minneapolis? A letter before me from an eminent Peoria, Ill., minister, whose son, a strong Republican, attended both as a reporter for a large Republican paper, says: "There was little to choose between them"; that they were about equally anxious for the liquor vote, equally indecent in life and language. Both howled and hooted for their respective candidates till they were hoarse, and made both night and day hideous with boisterous demonstrations of party zeal. On all hands it is admitted that decorum and dignity were shockingly absent from both. That at Minneapolis showed how little regard it had for the Christian sentiment of the country by keeping up its noisy demonstrations all through the Sabbath; holding committee meetings, conferences of opposing partisans, cheering, shouting, and what not. What cared these representatives of the so-called "moral and temperance party," the party with which most of our ministers and church members vote, and without whose support it could not stand an hour—what cared they for the views regarding the Lord's Day held by that part of their constituency? Nothing at all. They spat upon it. They did not consider it worth a moment's thought. Why? Because they regarded these ministers and church members as without a political backbone. Men who never carry their religion into politics, "non-partisan Christians," men who can be depended upon to tolerate without halting just about any iniquity your party might perpetrate, renowned doctors of divinity and church members who still adhere to that party, how do you like this scorn of your sentiments and mine, touching the sanctity of the Lord's Day? And how much longer shall we basely carry the train of a party which has no respect for Christ, his day, his people—yes, and for you? But they passed a temperance resolution. What was it? The stale old thing passed four years ago. Here it is: "We sympathize with all wise and legitimate efforts to lessen and prevent the evils of intemperance, and promote morality." Indeed! Doubtless, Estey and De Young and the California delegates, who took a carload of liquor along with them to the Convention, voted for it, and every other liquor manufacturer, and every brewer and saloonist in that convention. The letter I spoke of from the Peoria, Ill., minister says the millionaire distillers of that city are nearly all zealous Republicans. So they are all over the country. We all know the resolution is not worth the paper it is printed on. It is the molasses on poisoned paper, put out to catch flies. It was uttered four years ago. And what has the party done about it since? Nothing! Nothing! The volume of this river of death has flowed on unchecked, and considerably increased. Where President Hayes set a clean table and a glorious example, President Harrison went back on it, and now sets from three to six kinds of intoxicants around each plate at his state dinner. Vice-President Morton had a room for liquors in his rented palace—the Shoreham—and even James G. Blaine, the renowned Secretary of State, ordered our officials in Mexico and the South American republics to report what opportunities there were in those countries for the enlargement of sales of strong drink, and had the results printed and sent to the distillers, brewers and dealers. That shows how much of genuine temperance there is in that old rotten plank. But what are we to think of our California delegation—De Young, Estey & Co.—taking a load of liquor along with them again, as they did four

years ago, to the nominating convention? It means an utter contempt for the temperance principles of the thousands of ministers and church members who vote with the Republican party in the State of California. Yes, they flaunt the nasty flag in your faces. They say: "We regard your principles, if you have any, on the liquor question, as unworthy the slightest consideration. We calculate on your truckling as on that of a dog, no matter how much we abuse you. If you kept a saloon, and had the pluck of a common drunkard, and would resent by a vote our scorn, we should respect you." Brethren, how shall we bring these parties to respect us and our glorious Lord? Come out from among them. Let them see what they can do without us. Teach them they can't calculate on our truckling forever. That there are other votes than those which issue from the saloons they will have to respect. Oh, what could the Church of God do in these United States to purify our politics, if it would come out and take its stand! Reader, will you be one of those who hold back, willing to be spit upon a little longer?

MUNICIPAL REFORM.

The question of municipal reform is arresting the attention of all good worthy citizens, regardless of party alliance. The law-abiding people of our large cities are becoming alarmed at the rapid strides of crime and wrong doing, and are endeavoring to solve the problem of what can be done to avert the doom impending. The condition of things is becoming serious. It is a matter of such importance that it cannot be laughed down by the political ring-masters who run the machine.

In San Francisco, for some weeks past, an earnest body of citizens have assembled in Metropolitan Temple to discuss and consider one feature of immorality which is gnawing at the very vitals of the city. So far as it goes, it is a move for the overthrow of vice and corruption, but it does not go far enough. What should be done in order to bring the real remedy needed is for the citizens to organize regardless of all old party lines or affiliations in a municipal reform movement and overthrow the ring rule of both the old parties, placing in nomination the best men, who will not be led by any ring nor controlled by the machine of any party. Politics should have no business in or with the affairs of a city like this. If the true, order-loving people of San Francisco at the coming city election say so and will stand together, the corrupt rings, so long controlling our city affairs, can be forever hurled from power. Elect men untrammelled, who are free to do right and deal justly, and you will see jobbery and knavery, with attendant evils, go to the wall and cease to be a stench in the nostrils of the people. Then, when citizens assemble in Metropolitan Temple or elsewhere, and demand a hearing in the name of humanity and common decency, they will be heard, and the dives will be blotted out forever. The present internal troubles in the ranks of both the old parties argues well for a municipal movement such as we have only touched upon in this brief article. Once inaugurated, let the people stand together and keep politics out of our city affairs forever, where it never belonged and should never exist.

As a code of principles or platform for a municipal reform movement, we would suggest the following:

1. Municipal government is business, not politics.
2. Municipal elections should be divorced from State and national politics.
3. Municipal officers should be chosen solely for business ability and personal integrity.
4. Municipal officers should be independent of political parties, halls, bosses and factions.
5. The care of city property, the management of city franchises, the collections and expenditures of city revenues, the development of a system of rapid transit and the impartial and vigorous enforcement of labor legislation, and of measures for the improvement of the homes of the industrial classes, can safely be entrusted only to officers chosen under the operation of these principles.

Com.

We are not familiar with the workings of the Massachusetts Benefit Association, a notice of which is in this paper, but the General Agent, D. Gilbert Dexter, is our friend, and an excellent man.

Forty-one united with the church in Freedom, Ohio, July 3d—thirty-six of these on confession.

Woman's Board of the Pacific.

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MRS. LOGAN'S JOURNAL AT RUK.

[The following extracts from Mrs. Logan's journal we are very glad to have, as they contain our yearly message from one of the loveliest of missionaries, and one of our own workers in Ruk, Micronesia. That the substance of this has already appeared in *Life and Light and Mission Studies*, is owing to the fact that the journal was sent directly East, instead of stopping in California first, as in other years. So many of our readers do not see those publications that we feel sure the Column will do well to reprint.]

RUK, June 20, 1891.

Dear Friends at Home: I have taken quite a rest from letter writing, since the *Star* left us; but I ought to take up my pen to-day, if only to tell you about our first wedding. It took place on Tuesday of this week. Karolain, our largest, and probably our oldest girl, was married to Joses, a young man who is making a good record for himself, at one of the out stations, as teacher and preacher.

Karolain had lived with Moses and his wife since she was a little girl, and so has had more "bringing up" than other girls on Ruk. She had only been with us four months, and we would have been very glad to have kept her awhile longer, but Joses was rather anxious about it; and his reasons were good ones.

This house is not so constituted that private affairs can be very well carried on, with eighteen pairs of eyes on the watch; and when Karolain was one day summoned into the study during school hours, I presume there weren't one among the remaining eighteen girls who did not at once understand the circumstances. I think, perhaps, we were so much interested in seeing what view the girls took of it, as they were in watching for indications in some other directions. There was much good feeling in getting the wardrobe (not a very elaborate affair) ready.

On Tuesday morning, Mr. and Mrs. Snelling came up with a goodly number of their boys, and the young people took their places in the sitting-room, which the girls had decorated with ferns and a few flowers. Karolain looked quite ready to cry, and as though the heavy responsibilities about which I had been talking to her somewhat were too great a weight. Joses was beaming and resplendent in his black coat and shoes. Indeed, both were (except for the shoes) suitably attired. After it was all over they started off on foot for the new home, a few miles away, and on the same island.

The girls felt this first break in their number very much, and did considerable weeping, as did Karolain also. As she turned and looked back, after she had gone a little way, the girls, who were all standing on the veranda, waved their handkerchiefs, which they had just been applying vigorously to their eyes.

We have hopes that these young people will do much good work. Karolain's spirit and conduct about the marriage has been all that we could desire. I suppose her to be about eighteen years old—quite an unheard of thing in this lagoon, that a girl should be so old as that without marrying.

The *Star* left us for Honolulu May 4th—later in the year than ever before, I think. We were very glad to have our letters on the way to friends. She spent five days here, and the little visit with friends who were on board was quite a break in the monotony of our lives. After they had left us, things soon settled back into their accustomed round—school work, etc.

Mr. Bowker and Mr. Worth are at work on our house, and it is getting on to the more interesting part. It was a great comfort to have the roof on, and to feel that it was all under cover, and thus would not injure any more. The girls are greatly interested in it, as well as we, and are always ready to take hold in earnest in such work outside—in what is to be our yard—as they are yet able to begin upon. Indeed, the spirit of earnestness, and readiness to work in all ways, which they manifest, is something very cheering and hopeful.

Miss Kinney has a sewing school for the girls of the general school, and any outside ones who choose to come. She divides them into classes, and the larger among our girls has each a class to teach. Then, after sewing an hour, they have a prayer-meeting, led in turn each week by

one of the girls. Miss Kinney and Mrs. Snelling speak of it as being very interesting. It is also growing in interest and numbers. So is the woman's meeting on Friday afternoons. Last Sunday was our communion service, and nine were received into the church on profession of faith, five of them being boys from Mr. Snelling's school, and three of our girls. Several others among the girls have taken a Christian stand, and, we have no doubt, are in earnest in trying to lead a Christian life.

(Continued.)

DO LITTLE, SAY MUCH & CO.

As per agreement, I will now try to tell my readers something of the works of this famous firm in times of special blessings—revival seasons. The principals of the firm seldom, if ever, are willing to entrust their interest wholly in such meetings to their agents or representatives. They themselves prefer to be present to watch over their claims.

In the first place, the firm is keenly alive to all the dangers of a revival. Mr. Do Little declares that it will be utterly impossible to carry on extra meetings, as the Christian people have so many engagements of various kinds; and Mr. Say Much tells how expensive the work will be, and he furthermore explains how the signs are not ripe for the proposed ingathering. But in spite of their protests, the church votes to "hold extra meetings." And then comes the question, "Who shall conduct the work?" Some one suggests getting an evangelist to aid the pastor. Mum is the word with Mr. Do Little on this point. Mr. Say Much is aroused. How much will the evangelist charge? Is he one of those dangerous fellows who creates excitement? Will he rake the church members, and has he the reputation of doing permanent work? All of these and many other questions must be answered to his satisfaction.

The meetings begin, the evangelist comes; Mr. Do Little is present if it is convenient, but he does not take his place among the rough boys on the back seat, and pray earnestly for them while the evangelist speaks. He never lovingly takes them by the hand at the close of service and asks them to let him introduce them to the preacher. He will do little toward raising money for the expense of the meetings among the friends of the church without having it mentioned in public. He will do little praying during the day that the evangelist may have power over his audience.

Mr. Say Much will say much about the speaker's delivery, his choice of words; the folly of an after-meeting or of urging penitents to the front seats or altar. He will say much about Nettie Jones, whom he declares raised her hand for prayers just to make herself solid with John Jackson, or vice versa; and so it goes on until the pastor asks Mr. Say Much to distribute some tickets of invitation on the streets, or among the guests at the hotels, but such work does not belong to this member of the firm, and the pastor is referred to Mr. Do Little, who tells him if he wants work of that kind done to do it himself. The firm pursues the same course with reference to house-to-house canvass of the parish, and all other laborious work incident to a thorough awakening of a church and community in revival times. So it goes until the evangelist leaves for another field of labor, and the pastor proceeds to the work of gathering the grain already harvested into the store-house of the church. In this work Mr. Do Little does not belie his name, but his partner will say much as to the sincerity of many of the converts and the influence of undue excitement, and he will also say much about the advisability of holding them over for a period so as to test the genuineness of their conversion; and when the convert thus treated falls back into sin, as is apt to be the case, he will say much about the lack of permanent work of grace in revival meetings.

The devil has no more efficient representatives of his fiendish plans and work upon the face of this earth than those associated with the firm of Do Little, Say Much & Co., and the very best service which they do the "old boy" is to watch revivals, and, if possible, keep the church from working harmoniously; if they fail in this, to throw as many obstacles as possible in the way; and if they see the work is to be successful in spite of their opposition they fall back on the firm's name and do little to assist, and say much about why the success was not even more marked.

Oh, how I long to hear the gentle footsteps of a sheriff with an attachment large enough to close out the entire firm of Do Little, Say Much & Co!

U. N.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM—WHAT IS IT? WHAT ARE ITS TENDENCIES?

BY REV. F. W. PHELPS.

The name Higher Criticism is in some respects an unfortunate one. It affords opportunity for the now widely prevalent misconceptions of the nature and character of that for which it stands. Especially when viewed in connection with the arbitrary methods and marvelous reasoning of certain of the critics themselves, does it produce the impression of a claim to proud superiority over all that is or has been in the minds of men of God; a claim to sit in judgment upon the Divine Book, and, on the basis of subjectively determined principles, to affirm what must have been its origin, what must be its nature and value. If this impression were sustained by the facts, there would be no occasion for this paper. Our theme would be unworthy of serious attention. Since, however, the facts are otherwise, the present discussion has a reason. It is worth the while to have misconceptions cleared away; to have the real and fundamental problems clearly set forth.

What, then, is Higher Criticism? It is the study of the structure and history of the Biblical writings from the point of view of their human authorship. Men spake from God, moved by the Holy Spirit. The message came by divers portions and in divers manners. It came at times widely separated, and under circumstances widely varying. And thus, with all the wonderful unity which reveals the work of the Holy Spirit, the Bible is not a book, but a library. It is not an unorganized mass of separate atoms, but, rather, each book is like every form in nature—an organization with a structure, a history, and an adaptation to a specific end. If men honor God by studying the structure and history of worlds and continents, of rocks and plants, and living creatures, it would seem that they honor him no less by a similar study of his written Word. And if practical help to man has been the result of scientific study of the universe, will it be different with the scientific study of the Biblical writings? The significance of this particular name—Higher Criticism—is solely in the contrast with what is called Lower Criticism, the science which attempts to determine the Biblical text. Other and possibly better names would be, in place of Higher and Lower, Literary and Textual criticism.

With the matter thus understood, there will be no difference of opinion among thinking men as to the legitimate character of such investigations. Every man who analyzes the structure of a book, or chapter, or paragraph, every man who seeks to discover the author of a certain psalm, every man who attempts to find the circumstances connected with a particular prophetic utterance, is, to at least a limited extent, a Higher Critic. Clearly, then, if objection is to be made to the conclusions of any critic or group of critics, it is not to be by denying the right of investigation. The objector must take one of two positions. He must say, "You are mistaken as to the facts which you claim to have discovered"; or else, "Your facts do not justify your inferences." The mistakes of critical science must be confuted by its valid results. Here are the words of Prof. E. C. Bissell, until recently of Hartford Seminary, and a leading champion of the old against the new in the matters we are discussing: "The writer of this paper would be the last one to raise a bar to the freest and fullest investigation of the Scriptures by critics, High or Low. He has no sympathy with that vehement and mostly indiscriminate denunciation of them which is coming to be altogether too common. He believes that much good will result from these discussions." Certainly, no other attitude is in accordance with the spirit of Him who said, "I am the truth." Contrast with this quotation the following from a late discourse by a famous Brooklyn pastor: "Higher Criticism, as it is called, means lower religion. Higher Criticism is another form of infidelity." Words like these may have temporarily the effect desired by the speaker, but they can hardly help greatly diminishing his influence over thinking men who know even a little of the truth in the case.

The leading critical problems of to-day are concerned with the Old Testament, while discussion still prevails concerning the Synoptists and the Fourth Gospel. So far as I know there is no prominent evangelical scholar who admits any essential change of opinion as to the origin of the New Testament books. With the Old Testament the case is different. The traditional views of the origin and structure of a considerable portion of the Old Testament are disputed, and it cannot be denied that a very large number of scholars, who claim to retain to its full extent their faith in the miraculous and supernatural, as well as in all the fundamentals of Christianity, have accepted views quite different from those held by the conservative school. There are thus among the professed followers of Christ two widely differing schools of Higher Criticism, and the

contest between them to-day is intense and earnest. It must be confessed that this very intensity, joined with other influences, has seriously hindered the rational and candid treatment of the problems in question. It is easy, almost without knowing it, to change one's zeal for finding or defending the truth into a zeal for the triumph of one's personal opinions or theories. It is easy to dogmatize on the basis of one's own interpretation of a Biblical passage, and to refuse a candid consideration to other possible interpretations. It is easy to use the weapons of denunciation or ridicule instead of those which are adapted to an intellectual battle. And, most unfortunate of all for the well-being of Christ's kingdom, it is easy to mistake and misrepresent and deny the motives and character of one's opponents, in the apparent expectation that thereby the interests of truth and Christianity are promoted. These errors have been made on both sides. It is unnecessary to mention concrete examples. It is enough to indicate these elements which complicate the situation, and which must be recognized by those who would consider fairly these important problems.

Under these circumstances the practical question evidently is as to our individual course of action. There are obviously two things which may be done. The first is to disregard the whole matter. These are busy days, and many men have not the time for such problems. For them there is this word of warning: Do not try to dogmatize or to convince others, either of the truth or the falsity of the new ideas, in the absence of a first-hand personal knowledge of them. There never yet has been a great intellectual commotion which has left things where they were before it occurred. Some progress has always resulted. Neither is it often the case that new ideas or theories are without their share in error. Therefore, beware, lest your efforts prove in very truth a blind leading of the blind.

But many will choose another course of action. The problems are great. It is important to find the right solution. It is a duty of those who would be intellectual leaders to understand the questions which are uppermost in men's minds. The pressure of more practical work may prevent what is commonly called original "investigation"; but it need not prevent the study of the facts discovered by others, the testing of their accuracy, and the validity of the conclusions proposed. This is the work which should be done by all who would in any way influence the thought of others. Any man with clear brain and trained habits of thought has an equal right with the original investigators to draw conclusions from the facts discovered, always provided he is careful to fairly master all the facts in the case. Here, then, is the first caution. Master the facts before drawing conclusions. Do not think it sufficient to read a sermon or a newspaper article which presents a few of those facts which are most agreeable to the writer, and then proceeds to descant on the old-fogyism or the rationalism of those who dare to hold an opinion at variance with his own. A critical view must be seen from the standpoint of its friends as well as of its enemies to be fairly judged.

There is another suggestion which may well be made to those who would estimate the value of the newer views. The weapon of ridicule has been very largely used to prove the falsity of many of the claims of the critics. It is said that the alleged literary methods of authors and imaginary editors are absurd and inconceivable. Conservative critics have here, in my judgment, committed many grave blunders. In the first place, ridicule is not an argument; although it is, indeed, a most effective weapon for achieving temporary results. In the second place, the parallel histories and psalms of the Old Testament afford indubitable and very instructive evidence as to the literary habits of the sacred writers. I remember hearing a well-known scholar say that he believed the best way to begin the study of the analysis of the Hexateuch is to first study Samuel, Kings, and Chronicles; for, in them, and in the other parallel passages of the Old Testament, is unmistakably seen nearly every one of those literary phenomena which critics affirm to exist in the Hexateuch. This is in itself no proof of an analysis, but it shows the emptiness of the argument from inconceivability.

Again, it seems to me that the optimistic, the constructive spirit, is that which will best serve the Church to-day. The truth is bound to triumph. It is not wise to be unduly solicitous about result, nor to declare that disastrous consequences must follow the acceptance of the newer ideas. Christians of the new school of criticism claim that their faith in Christ and Christianity has been strengthened rather than weakened. There is seen no diminution of Christian fervor in the seminaries where these views prevail; but men go out from them to labor for the Master with the same spiritual earnestness which their fathers had before them. Is it not wise, then, for the Christian student, pastor or laymen, to use his intellectual

energies to-day toward keeping men in the Church and its fellowship, rather than toward driving them out? to show how faith in God may stand secure in the midst of all intellectual doubts and theories, rather than to expatiate upon the various ways in which such faith may be destroyed? And in the midst of all the questioning and doubt of the present day, is it not the duty of every Christian pastor and teacher, avoiding so far as may be questions which are disputed, to teach the Bible so fully and thoroughly and earnestly that his people may see for themselves the security of the foundations of their faith, and may understand those foundations as never before?

Thus far this paper has attempted to answer the questions—"What is the Higher Criticism? and How Should We Deal with It?" It is useless to deny that the acceptance of the views of the new school involves important changes from the hitherto generally held opinions regarding Old Testament history and revelation. Let me indicate briefly what seem to me to be the more important of these changes:

(a) The newer views involve an emphasis upon the fact of the special Divine Presence in the history of the Hebrew nation, and not merely in the written records; a belief that the Old Testament is inspired because Hebrew history is inspired. To the critics, the Hebrew Scriptures in their parts seem to possess a very intimate and vital revelation to the corresponding history; and from the fact that through all the centuries God was leading his people in a special way to perform a special mission, comes the indubitably divine character of these sacred writings.

(b) In the same line follows the idea that the Biblical writers wrote primarily for their own time and to effect an immediate and definite result. Because the principles of God's kingdom are eternal, their work is of permanent value for all ages; but to be accurately comprehended it must be studied from the point of view of the historical circumstances and purpose.

(c) An inevitable accompaniment of the positions held by the new school of critics is the belief that the Divine Inspiration, while fitting men in a special way to be teachers of righteousness and faith to their own and succeeding generations, did not necessarily impart supernatural knowledge in other directions; that the sacred writers were not, as a rule, freed from the common limitations of their own day as to historical and scientific knowledge; that in general they gathered their materials in the same manner as other men; used the same literary methods and forms; in a word, that they had and claimed Divine authorization for their declarations about faith and conduct—to use a modern theological phrase—and in general for those alone. In this belief these critics differ most widely from their opponents; and the caution may well be repeated, that the question is not to be settled by rash assertion on the one side, nor by *a priori* theorizing on the other; but by a candid, thorough, prayerful study of the Scriptures themselves.

(d) The new views involve a change from the common conception of the nature of prophecy. Prophecy is seen as being essentially the declaration of the principles of God's government and the practical application of those principles to human life and history, past and present as well as future; and all for the definite purpose of directly influencing men's thoughts and conduct. From this standpoint prediction is only a subordinate part of the prophetic work, instead of being its fundamental characteristic; and the evidential value of prophecy is primarily in its marvelous insight into the nature of God and his kingdom, rather than in the detailed foretelling of future events.

(e) The last change which I mention is in the general conception of the character of the Divine dealings with the Jews. The prevailing belief is that at Sinai, at the beginning of the nation's career, was given practically all of God's revelation to his chosen people; and that through all the generations following up to the time of Christ the work of teachers and preachers was to lead back to this standard a nation constantly erring and rebellious. The new view is radically different. The revelation was only begun in the nation's childhood. Instead of being given all at once through one inspired law-giver and prophet, it came by degrees, as a growth, as the people became capable of receiving it. Through the centuries of the nation's development, God raised up many men inspired of him to lead the religious thought and life of his chosen people, constantly revealing new light and new truth; and at last, in the fullness of the times, he sent his Son, not to destroy one system and substitute for it another, but to complete the structure which had been so long building, to be the perfect revelation for which all that had preceded had been preparing the way.

May we and all men in the study of the great and perplexing problems of Biblical criticism, maintaining a firm faith in God's overruling providence and in the guidance of the Holy Spirit, seek earnestly and solely

the supremacy of the truth. Thus shall we be following the teachings and example of our blessed Lord and Master.

Literary and Educational.

The Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts published, seven years ago, a volume on the Sabbath, which had wide reading, and was full of facts as to the day of rest. He now sends it forth in a new and enlarged edition, under the title of "The Sabbath for Man: A Study of the Origin, Obligations, History, Advantages, and Present State of Sabbath Observance." He has had specially in mind the rights of workmen. In addition to the 480 pages in large type, the author has packed away in 200 pages of small type an immense amount of testimony and information, so that the book is a magazine of material in advocacy and illustration of the truth concerning this subject. Such facts as these may be mentioned: The Talmud in 250, A. D., speaks of "the Nazarene's Day" (p. 633), evidently meaning "the Lord's Day"—one of many evidences that the first day of the week had at that time taken the place of the seventh as the Christian day of worship. Another new fact in the same line is that the Revised Version of the Bible applies the word "Sabbath" to no other institution than the Saturday Sabbath (except the Day of Atonement), which breaks down the Seventh Day Adventist explanation of Col. ii: 16 (p. 533). Numerous railroad managers are quoted (p. 639) as to Sunday trains, thirty-one of them saying there is no real obstacle to their complete suspension. A table of Sunday papers, by States, shows there is an average of one to each 180,000 people, which indicates that about one-fourth of the families take such a paper. Baker & Taylor Co., Broadway, N. Y.; \$1.50.

"Some Christian Endeavor Saints," is by Rev. Francis E. Clark. Our Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society has collected into a volume a series of articles contributed by this well-known inspirer of the Endeavor movement. The pieces are very brief, and are arranged under the headings, "Christian Endeavor Saints," "Golden Rule Receipts," "Golden Rule Sermons," "Golden Rule Epistles," and "Pictures from Real Life." In a pleasant way they touch off the traits that one may see shown among Christian people, so called, and give hints, by the way, intended to correct faults, and other tendencies which mar character. As each sketch does not take more than about three pages, on an average, this is a book that may be taken up at flying moments, and thus many a suggestion contained in it becomes gradually incorporated into even a busy child's life. \$1.

PAMPHLETS, ETC.—Necrology of Andover Seminary, 1891-92, by C. C. Carpenter, enumerates forty-six names, the average of life being 69 years 7 months and 21 days.—Proceedings of thirty-second anniversary San Francisco Port Society.—The American Missionary for June gives many illustrations of its church work in the South.—The Arena for July, Boston. Monthly. \$5 a year.—Magazine of Christian Literature for July. The Christian Literature Co., N. Y. Monthly. \$2.50 yearly. Very timely selection of articles.—"The Climate and Meteorology of Death Valley"—notes on—by Mark W. Harrington, Washington. Weather Bureau.—Lasell Seminary, 1851-92. Catalogue.

"Old Wine; New Bottles," is the title of Rev. Armory H. Bradford's four discourses preached at the last Lent and Easter season, in which he endeavored to state four "elemental doctrines"; viz., "The Living God," "Holy Trinity," "What Is Left of the Bible," and "The Immortal Life," in modern form. Dr. Bradford's style is cheerful and optimistic, even though it be very modern. His atmosphere is that which the present reading world breathes. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, N. Y.; 35 cents; 84 pages; leatherette cover.

Thomas Whitaker prints, at 2 and 3 Bible House, N. Y., "Christian Beneficence," an address by William S. Langford, D.D.; and also "Rich and Poor," a tract for all times, by the Bishop of Liverpool. Both are intended to give the Christian conception of the use of property. Dr. Langford is connected with Episcopal church work in New York, and Dr. Ryle, the Bishop of Liverpool, is a well-known writer, and he speaks plainly.

There will be issued from the Cynsure office, Chicago, soon "Select Works of President Jonathan Blanchard," comprising addresses on temperance, Romanism, education, secret societies, and other topics in which that veteran reformer took interest. These lectures were delivered during the period from 1834 to 1892, and have an historical value aside from their pungent quality. The book will contain a fine photograph of Dr. Blanchard.

The past should be committed to God's mercy and the present to his infinite care.

GEORGE GAM'S REPORTE.

THE KIND OF CHRISTIANS OUR CHINESE MISSIONS ARE TURNING OUT.

A few Sundays ago Rev. Chan Hon Fan, a Chinese Methodist preacher, was holding forth to a large crowd on the open street of Chinatown. He took for his text, "There is no other name * * * whereby we must be saved." He compared the sinner to a man fallen into a pit, and sinking deeper into the mire. A Confucianist teacher with long robes passed along, hears groans and cries, and bends over the pit. "Wherefore didst thou fall in there, O miserable man? If ever you get out again take care." "Alas!" said the man, "I cannot get out of myself; I pray thee, help me." "Not I," said the other. "Do you think I would soil my white garments by going in there?" Having thus said, he gathered up his skirts and passed by on the other side. Next there came by a Buddhist priest all shaven and shorn, who hears the cry of woe and looks down. "Save thee? That I cannot; my arm cannot reach so far. Better read the Sutras, fast and pray, and the wheel of transmigration may some day give thee a better lot." A Taoist priest comes along with bell and book, but he, too, is powerless to save. At last there came by one with a face of tenderest love. He hears the cry of him in the pit. He casts aside his shining robes and descends to the depths of the pit. There is a monster that holds the man in his grip, and he must be shaken off. In that terrible struggle the Saviour is wounded, and sweats great drops of blood; but the fiend is vanquished, and the man is lifted up to righteousness, peace, and heaven. Not in the name of Confucius, Buddha, or Lo Tsz is there salvation, but only in Jesus, who alone is the Saviour of the world.

The sermon, of which this was only an illustration, produced a powerful impression. A middle-aged white man with a whisky breath and a mouth leaking with tobacco juice had been standing near trying to interrupt. Seeing Dr. H. shaking hands with the preacher as he stepped down, he asked, "Do you call yourself an American after shaking hands with that Chinaman? You ought to be ashamed of yourself." Dr. H. replied that he was not ashamed, but proud to recognize that Chinaman as a Christian brother, and many thousands of his race he hoped to meet in heaven. This remark was met with the retort that if Chinamen were going to heaven he would rather go to hell. Just then Gee Gam stepped up and said, good-naturedly, "My friend, I fear you will find lots of bad Chinamen in the other place, and what will you do then? If I were you I would rather be good and go to heaven with the few good Chinamen than go to hell with the many bad ones." This repartee of the Chinaman, spoken in good English and with a pleasant voice, was too much for the man. He stammered and blushed. The crowd laughed. The poor fellow, completely silenced and humiliated, suddenly remembered he had other engagements and hurried off.

Beware How Ye Walk.—Every man's thinking machine necessarily makes him walk close to great intellectual perils. It is a sad thing not to think. It is more awful to think. Emerson says: "Beware when God lets a thinker loose among men." I walked with a friend lately among electrical dynamos. One had to walk carefully. Beware how you touch this band or that wheel. It is death-charged. The dynamos were lighting the city; but walking among the wheels was to be in deadly jeopardy. Thinking lights the world; and yet the thinking machine deals out equally light and death; use the machine rightly, it will flood your path with light; use it wrongly, it is a thunderbolt to smite you. It will strike you stone blind. When I see the skeptics sneering at a future life I say to myself: "Poor fellows, God gave them dynamos to generate light to pierce through the grave. They have used them to make thunderbolts for their own destruction."—Rev. C. L. Thompson, D. D.

AN EFFORT TO SPEAK.—Dogs in a native or wild state never bark; they simply whine, howl, and growl; the noise which we call barking is found only among those that are domesticated. Columbus found that to be the case with the dogs he first brought to America and left at large, for on his return he tells us that they had lost their propensity to bark. Scientific men say that barking is really an effort on the part of the dog to speak.

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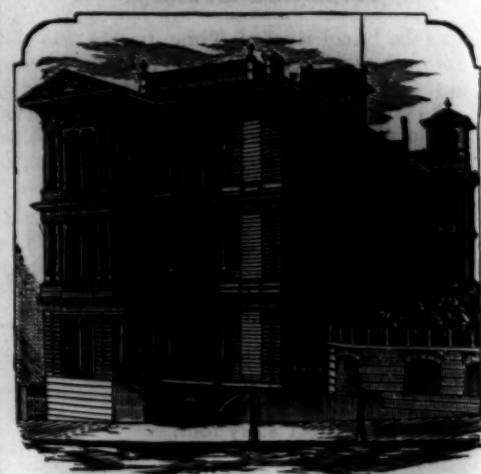
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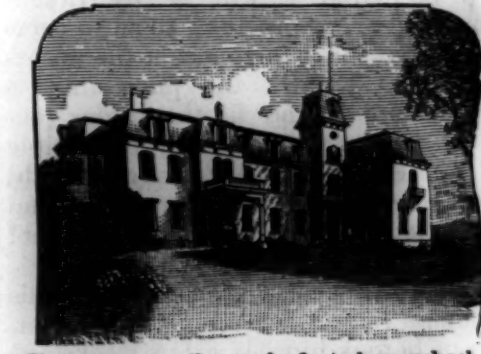
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Home Circle.

The Fire of Home.

I hear them tell of far-off climes,
And treasures grand they hold
Of minster walls where stained light falls
On canvas rare and old.
My hands fall down, my breath comes fast,
But ah! how can I roam?
My task I know to spin and sew,
And light the fire of home.

Sometimes I hear of noble deeds,
Of words that move mankind;
Of willing hands that to other lands
Bring light to the poor and blind.
I dare not preach, I cannot write,
I fear to cross the foam;
Who, if I go, will spin and sew,
And light the fire of home?

My husband comes, as the shadows fall,
From the fields with my girl and boy;
His loving kiss brings with it bliss
That hath no base alloy.
From the new-ploughed meadows, fresh and brown,
I catch the scent of the loam—
"Heart, do not fret; 'tis something yet
To light the fire of home."

—Sydney Weekly Advocate.

SWEET COURTESIES OF LIFE.

Every Christian grace should be cultivated from early childhood. The little words, "please" and "thank you," when favors are solicited and conferred, fall pleasantly upon the ear.

One little act of kindness done—
One little soft word spoken—
Hath power to make a thrill of joy,
'E'en in a heart that's broken.

In teaching little folks the sweet courtesies of life, we must repeat over and over the same lesson, day after day, for the first few years. Some little girls can wait on a visitor, in their mother's absence, with as much propriety as young ladies, can answer questions put to them clearly and directly, and always politely, and it is a pleasure to be a guest where children thus behave.

Little Alfred's mother had taken pains to instruct her baby boy in some of the simple forms of politeness and hospitality, and, though not three years old, he used to put his lesson in practice. One day a dear friend of his mother's called, and he ran at once to bring a chair for her, inviting her to sit by the fire. Then he brought a footstool for her feet, and asked her to let him take her bonnet. "I wish you would stay to dinner," he lisped, "and stay all day and forever." Then he looked up into her face with a bright smile, and said, "I try to be polite."

"Thank you, Charlie," said Mrs. Brown, as her little son handed her a paper he was requested to bring. "Thank you, Bridget," said the little fellow a few hours later, as he received a glass of water from his nurse.

"Well, Mrs. Brown, you have the best-mannered children I ever saw," said a neighbor; "I should be thankful if mine were as polite to me as yours are to the servants. You never spend half as much time on your children's clothes as I do, and yet every one notices them, they are so well-behaved."

"We always try to treat our children politely," was the quiet reply. This was the whole secret. When I hear parents grumbling about the ill-manners of their children, I always wish to ask, "Have you always treated them with politeness?"

What sight is more lovely than this pleasant, modest, Christian courtesy in little folks, at home and abroad? It is like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Hearts, like doors, can open with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that they are these,
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them! He who had commanded the greatest armies of Europe, and was long accustomed to a tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the smallest courtesies of life.

Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to the mothers!

A look will sometimes send a pang
Of anguish to the heart;
A tone will often cause a tear
In sorrow's eye to start.

Children, don't forget three little words, "If you please."

Then, let us watch those little things,
And so respect each other,
That not a word, or look, or tone,
May wound a friend or brother.

—Author of "Apples of Gold."

SHOWING THE COLORS.

A lady having to walk a short distance through a town with a gentleman who professed to be, and who she had no doubt was, a Christian, on their way to attend a meeting, observed with surprise that he had his Bible carefully wrapped up in a paper instead of carrying it openly in his hand.

"Ah," thought she, "is it possible this man is ashamed of the Word of God, though professing to build all his hopes for eternity upon what he calls his 'precious promises.' What should we think of a soldier who was ashamed of his colors and uniform, or tried to hide his marching orders."

Contrast with this the conduct of Captain Hedley Vickers, who fell in

the Crimean War. When converted to God he laid on his table an open Bible, that it might speak for him ere he had boldness to speak for himself of "the dear Saviour he had found." One who saw it there says: "Thus the godly Vickers showed his colors, and told to all who entered his tent on what terms they might have his friendship."

You have heard the incident of the late war, that when General Lee was marching into Fredericktown, and the Federal flags had been all hauled down, an old woman named Barbara Fritchie took up one and hung it on a staff out of her attic window. Soon it was rent and torn by the fire from many rifles, but she caught it once more as it fell, and, leaning from her casement, shook it forth at the peril of her life. The leader, stirred by the heroic action of the woman, gave orders that not "a hair of the old gray head" should be touched.

Dear friends, if you decide for Jesus, will you be ashamed of your colors? Which example will you follow—that of the young man who carried his Bible in his paper wrapper, or that of the officer who placed it open in his tent? Shall an old woman of ninety years peril life or liberty for an imaginary honor, and will you, young and strong, full of life and activity, not be zealous for the honor of the Lord who redeemed you?—*The Episcopal Register.*

A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS.

A noble creature is man—"a little lower than the angels." Two years in succession I have been at the seashore during the autumnal migration of sandpipers and plovers. Two years in succession I have seen men, old and young, murdering sandpipers and plovers at wholesale for the mere fun of doing it. Had they been "pot hunters," seeking to earn bread by shooting for the market, I should have pitied them perhaps—certainly I should have regretted their work, but I should have thought no ill of them. Their vocation would have been as honorable, for aught I know, as that of any other butcher. But a man of twenty, a man of seventy, shooting sandpipers, ring plovers, golden plovers, and whatever else comes in his way, not for money, nor primarily for food, but because he enjoys the work! "A little lower than the angels!" What numbers of innocent and beautiful creatures have I seen limping painfully along the beach, after the gunners had finished their day's amusement. Even now I think with pity of one particular turnstone. Some being, made a little lower than the angels, had fired at him and carried away one of his legs. I watched him for an hour. Much of the time he stood motionless. Then he hobbled from one patch of eel grass to another, in search of something to eat. My heart ached for him, and it burns now to think that good men find it a pastime to break birds' legs and wings and leave them to perish. I have seen an old man, almost ready for the grave, who could amuse his last days in this way for weeks together. An exhilarating and edifying spectacle it was—this venerable worthy, sitting behind his bunch of wooden decoys, a wounded tern fluttering in agony at his feet! Withal, he said, he was a man of gentlemanly bearing, courteous and a Christian. He did not shoot on Sunday—not he.—*Atlantic.*

THE FORMER DAYS WERE BETTER.

Looking back over the last half century, I discover many changes; some for the better and some for the worse. I fear that with all the boasted improvements in Sunday-school methods, the language of God's Book is not committed to memory as thoroughly as it used to be. The children swallow like young birds in the nest, what the teacher brings to them, but are not compelled to "search the Scriptures" for themselves. I also fear that strong doctrinal preaching is less in vogue than it was fifty years ago. "Too dull dry for these days," is the alleged excuse. The transcendent doctrines of God's Word were neither dull nor dry in the hands of John M. Mason, or Dr. Edward Griffin, or Dr. Lyman Beecher, whose discourses were divine logic made red-hot by holy emotion. Those great preachers, like the Greek tragedians, stirred the fountains of rage and tears. The present style of calm, colloquial discourse is in danger of destroying the fervid passion of the pulpit. Paul preached doctrine in a way that made a cynical sinner shake on his throne.—*Dr. Cuyler in Evangelist.*

BE ON YOUR GUARD.—One of the most perilous experiences of a young convert is in dealing with the suggestion that he is not converted. To make the suggestion is one of the favorite modes of attack used by the adversary. If he can succeed in getting a young Christian to listen to it, and to go into an analysis of the case, he is very sure of cooling that convert's zeal, if not of bringing his Christian life to an end. Be on your guard against his whisperings. Instead of looking at yourselves, look at Jesus. Meet the approaches of Satan as Luther did. When the devil said to him: "You are no Christian," he replied: "Well, that's none of your business."—*Michigan Advocate.*

GROWING IN GRACE.

God's holy Word, will disclose many bright and beautiful promises of help, if you will but accept the means of grace offered. The means offered are all around you, and each day and hour discloses new ones. One of God's poor needs help, and you need the growth in grace that such giving brings; or some afflicted one needs your smile, your pleasant word, or tear of comfort. Some hesitating soul, who may even now be standing on the threshold of God's Kingdom, needs your word of testimony; it may be to take the step that will make him or her an immortal heir to the eternal kingdom; and your giving of such testimony of God's grace and mercy to you will advance your spiritual welfare, and make you a power for good in the little world of which you are the center. A seed must be dropped or put into the ground to grow. So the seeds of truth, dropped by God's own hand in the hearts made fallow in his own time, are the plantings of that grace which, watered by his love and truth, and by our own good deeds and actions, prompted by his Spirit, make us to grow to the stature of "perfect men and women in Christ Jesus."

When the sculptor places on his block the rough-hewn marble, it has no form or comeliness; but as he chips and chips away, gradually before us is unfolded the beautiful lines, and even the lineaments of the perfect work as it is to be. So man in sin is without form or beauty (in his spiritual being). But God, the Master Sculptor, begins to work upon him; and each time a blow at sin is made, the chippings fall away, and sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly, the perfect work stands revealed—a growth in grace, perfected and polished—a model of the ages. Christ says, where we see him we shall be like him. If so, what a growth we must attain; and sometimes it seems folly to even think that men and women can ever reach the perfectness of our immortal model. When we stand and look around us, and see the sin, shame and sorrow which cross our pathway each day of our pilgrimage of life, I say it seems folly to even dream of such perfectness as is and was in Jesus. But looking upward toward our future home, we see unfolded before our eyes of faith a long vista of precious promises that stretch away like a grand boulevard, or a grand river, reaching from our church home here (where we gave our heart's best love to Him who died that we might live), far, far beyond the azure dome of yonder starlit sky. Each promise accepted is a step upward and upward toward those mansions of light—eternal in the heavens—where, if we are faithful in our growth to the end, we have an everlasting abiding place.

To grow in grace, we must cultivate the daily walk of Christ; we must try to be meek, humble, forgiving, patient, loving and long-suffering, ever keeping before us that other precious promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." And so only can we ever hope to attain to the perfectness of our Saviour. But, friends, it is possible for us all to do so. The Christian who stands still, who does not grow in grace, is a poor, unhappy creature, and even if he or she should gain an entrance through those pearly gates, they will always be a weakling in the triumphant choir around the great white throne. Many Christians (so called) who walk through the world, bemoaning and bewailing their utter unworthiness, find no time to ascend the mountains of promise and pluck the fruits of the Spirit; and so, instead of growing in grace, slide back into the Slough of Despond, and are lost. We were unworthy; we were lost; we were unclean and unfit to go to the marriage feast of the Lamb. But Jesus died, and if we accept him as our Saviour, we are worthy, we are clean, we are saved and fit to sit at the table with him and his and our Father, "For now are ye sons and daughters of the living God and joint heirs with Christ to an inheritance that passeth not away." In heaven, throughout the ages of eternity, having attained this perfection of offered and promised grace, we will be like Christ, perfect; and if such a thing is possible, we may sometime look backward, and see the spot on earth dearest of all others, where—"Grace taught our wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour we'd meet
While passing on to God."—*Selected.*

There are only two things that hinder the believer from unshadowed fellowship with God—sin and care. God is not an exceeding joy if we carry either of these loads. We can not stand the strain of work and worry both; besides, we must remember that such behavior not only makes us unhappy, but is dishonoring to the God whom we say we trust. He says: "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you;" just let Him care, and do not do it yourself. Care, according to the Greek word, is that which diverts us from our present duty to weary calculations of how to meet conditions that may never arise.—*Anonymous.*

Can that be good which does not make man good?—*Selected.*

Household.

COLOR IN HOUSE FURNISHING.—A sense of warmth and richness can be produced by the proper use of warm-toned hangings, which cannot be equaled by lavish and expensive if inartistic ones. Every reader will recall rooms beautifully yet cheaply furnished in this way. The writer has a vivid recollection of a transformation wrought in a large square room. Unfurnished, it had not one redeeming feature. There were eight doors, grained in a yellow imitation of oak after a hideous bygone fashion, very little wall space between the doors, and two long casement windows opening upon a piazza, which shut out the sunlight. The woman who expected to make a sitting-room of that place had very little money to spend. She put upon the walls a cheap paper of rich chocolate brown, with a pattern of straggling rose in dull yellow, a narrow frieze, with a dark red flower in it, and a band of dark red velvet paper underneath. That done, the glare of the yellow doors was perceptibly softened. Then the floor was painted a dark brown, and an ingrain drugget of graceful pattern in cream, black and red was laid in the middle. On this was placed a cherry dining-table with spindle legs (descended from a grandmother), both leaves raised, covered with a cloth in dull red and black, and supplied with a shining student lamp and a litter of books and magazines. The only available pictures were some unpretentious flower studies in oil in narrow frames of polished oak. The most expensive chair in the room was a \$5 wicker rocker run with red ribbons. There was a book-case of pine stained brown, and in this were some handsome books, and on it were some pretty vases. There was a clumsy home-made lounge, stuffed with excelsior and cotton, and covered with cretonne, also in brown and red. The deep windows were hung with long brown Canton flannel curtains, with cross bands of scarlet, hung on two mop handles, "ebonized" in a carriage-painter's shop in fifteen minutes. The whole outfit, except the books, vases and table, had not cost \$50. Into that room went friends of all degrees of culture, from the art school graduate to the village blacksmith, and they united with substantial unanimity in the opinion of a boy of ten, who, having been sent there on an errand, went home, exclaiming, "Oh, mother, they have got the boss room up at the—!"

MALLET CURE FOR CURCULIOS.—Experiments have led Professor Cook of the Michigan Agriculture College to consider the arsenites—Paris green and London purple—as not efficient against curculios. He believes the jarring method to be the only one which can be generally practiced in curculio warfare. A Michigan friend of the Professor, an extensive plumb-grower, and, therefore, an authority, says he has plums, pears and cherries in the same orchard; all these suffer, and the jarring method alone holds the curculio in check. He uses a rubber mallet to jar his trees. In the hole of a section of clothes-wringer rubber he inserts a handle; an iron ring on this handle near the end prevents its passing quite through the ring of rubber. It is so large that it holds the rubber firmly, and can be used without injury to the trees. Professor Cook adds that a wooden mallet, by winding pieces of cloth about it, works well; but he thinks the rubber would do better work, be more convenient, and cause no harm to branches or trunks of the trees; hence, he will make one for use this season.—*Independent.*

WHAT SALT WILL DO.—A little rubbed on the cups will take off tea stains. Put into whitewash, it will make it stick better. As a tooth powder, it will keep the teeth white and the gums hard and rosy. It is one of the best gargles for sore throat, and a preventive of diphtheria, if taken in time. Use salt and water to clean willow furniture; apply with brush and rub dry. Salt and water held in the mouth after having a tooth pulled will stop the bleeding. Prints rinsed with it in the water will hold their color and look brighter. Two teaspoonfuls in half a pint of tepid water is an emetic always on hand, and is an antidote for poisoning from nitrate of silver. Neuralgia of the feet and limbs can be cured by bathing night and morning with salt and water as hot as can be borne. When taken out, rub the feet briskly with a coarse towel. Salt and water is one of the best remedies for sore eyes, and if applied in time will scatter the inflammation. Silk handkerchiefs and ribbons should be washed in salt and water, and ironed wet, to obtain the best results.

BLANC-MANGE.—Boil a quart of fresh, sweet milk. Add salt, sugar and cornstarch to make just stiff enough to retain shape when molded and cooled. Make a rich syrup of sugar and a very little water, in which simmer slowly nicely-prepared pieplant until tender. When cold, serve two large spoonfuls of the pieplant with each mold of blanc-mange, and a sauce of sweetened cream flavored with nutmeg.

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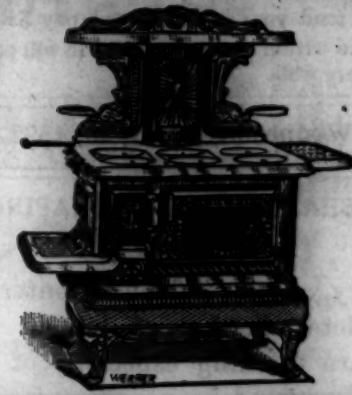
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Wednesday, July 20, 1892.

THE SHAPING AND RESHAPING OF VOCATION.

Very various influences enter into the determination of human lives. We are thinking especially of such as determine a young person's choice of his calling. Even Frederick William Robertson, whose theological thinking was not according to any set groove, said of himself, "If I had not met a certain person, I should not have changed my profession; if I had not known a certain lady, I should not probably have met this person; if that lady had not had a delicate daughter, who was disturbed by the barking of my dog; if my dog had not barked that night—I should now have been in the dragoons, or fertilizing the soil of India." Such a statement seems to make the choice of the ministry turn on some trivial incident, or chain of incidents. Yet there was some divine purpose underlying all. We have just been looking over the memorial of a New Hampshire boy, who, after having learned his trade, and learned it by long apprenticeship, too, was constrained at the age of twenty-three to begin all life over again—go to school, to college, and to seminary; subject himself to the struggle with narrow means which this involved. There was in this case a chain of more obvious influences. But in after life his mother told him, referring to the time when she had to send her boy away from home to be an apprentice: "I did expect you to be converted to Christ. Deep under all this I had the secret desire that you might preach the gospel. For all these I watched and prayed." What a determining influence that is which comes out of a mother's secret passion for her child! So was it likewise, as all who remember the narrative in Dr. Bushnell's life, with him. His mother's look of disappointment when he seemed to be making a decision out of harmony with her heart-felt prayer, turned the scale. What an event that was which decided such a soul as Bushnell for the preaching of the gospel!

Are Christian parents in this State thinking as deeply as they should of what they are shaping for the young men in their families? And now, when by reason of special services of quickening in the midst of us, young hearts are sensitive and thoughtful, may we not expect that those hearts will be led to make new and better choices as to their course of life? And will not fathers and mothers choose, as they have not all of them yet done, a career of Christian devotion as well as of personal salvation for their children? Indeed, what is salvation, but a glad and thorough choice to take up the mission of Christ, whatever particular form that mission may involve? That was a large reshaping of a young man's way and errand which took place some sixteen years ago, and in this very vicinity, when a young man, engaged in real estate business, felt called of God to a higher vocation. What a difference of life was then made with B. F. Mills! What like change is waiting for some of us!

Although the returns of elections in Great Britain show that the present Conservative government will be in the minority, yet Mr. Gladstone's ascendancy looks precarious. To be sure, a majority of from thirty to thirty-five is fair, but when a large part of this is Irish, and that divided between the leadership of McCarthy and the late Parnell, it should seem as if the task of conducting a victorious administration for Home Rule would task to the utmost the great octogenarian statesman. It is very likely that the fulfilment of the Protestants of Ulster had its effect upon voters; yet it is a fact that even in Ulster, with a total population of little more than 1,600,000, the Protestants are in a majority of only 130,000.

It is claimed that this majority does not allow the minority any more consideration in local affairs than the Ulster men fear they would get in a Home Rule Parliament. It is wonderful to see how loyal the Non-conformists generally are to Mr. Gladstone, even though a few prominent men like Dr. Dale have declined to follow his lead. The Independent has been giving sketches, with portraits, of Congregational candidates for Parliament. The number of these soliciting election was fifty. All but one of them was a Home Ruler. In Ireland, however, the representative of the small Congregational constituency there joined in the appeal which Ulster made against Home Rule. The "Non-conformists' conscience" had been vigorously summoned to resist the election of men proven immoral; and Mr. Dilke, one of the ablest men in the Liberal party, had been specially designated as unworthy to be returned to the confidence of his countrymen; yet the dispatches indicate that an electoral district was found that thought more of his ability than it cared for his domestic impurity. Another incident interests us that not even the fame of the great African explorer—Stanley—availed for his success at the polls.

We do not know as our last week's seminary number is to be credited with all the good things that have come to pass closely with it, but it is a fact that within the last few days the institution has been highly favored. First came the graceful letter of Mrs. Julia Billings, endowing the Frederick Billings Professorship of New Testament, Greek and Exegesis, and with it the check for that handsome amount, \$50,000. Then the Board made choice, on Monday, of Rev. Frank Hugh Foster of Oberlin to fill the chair of Biblical and Systematic Theology, and on Tuesday received the telegram, "Accept, with anticipations for Seminary's large prosperity and usefulness." It is not often that so much satisfaction comes to an institution in one twenty-four hours. Prof. Foster has for eight years past filled the post of Church History in Oberlin, and, with Professor E. F. Wright, has conducted that well-known quarterly, the *Bibliotheca Sacra*. He is a graduate of Harvard University, of Andover Theological Seminary in the day of Professor Edwards A. Park, was made Ph.D. at Leipzig after careful and particular studies there, was pastor in North Reading, Mass., a short time, and before going to Oberlin was professor of Philosophy at Middlebury College. He is in his early prime, having been born at Springfield, Mass., in 1851. As may have been noticed by some of our readers, Dr. Foster came out and spent some days looking over the ground and the prospects of the Seminary, and it is with special gratitude and hopefulness that we make this cheering announcement. Of the gracious gift of Mrs. Billings and of the associations which old Californians have with her husband, no doubt, fitting words will be said by the very brothers left among us who can say them best.

Evangelists sometimes suppose that theologians are critical; certainly, some of the evangelists occasionally indulge in a similar mood. But note how Mr. Moody captured one professor. Professor Simon went in to Mr. Moody's meeting at Edinburgh. He says: "Well, I was charmed. In general, I fear my disposition is to be critical towards these wandering preachers; but I disowned criticism completely. For nearly an hour he poured forth a continuous stream of short, compact sentences, packed with blended spirituality, ethics, common sense, knowledge of the Bible and human nature, wit, humor, touching illustration, such as it has never before been my lot to listen to. It was admirable."

COLLEGE NOTES.—At the Yale commencement this year, the class of '42, of which the late Dr. Benton was a member, held its fiftieth reunion. At its graduation it numbered one hundred, thirty-nine of whom are living. Twenty-two were present at the house of their fellow-graduate, the Rev. George Bushnell.—We note also that the De Forest prize medal was won by William James Hutchins of Los Angeles.—Next year Williams College will celebrate its centennial.—Dartmouth made Ira G. Hoitt a Ph. D.

The paper on the second page of this issue, on "The Higher Criticism," by Professor F. W. Phelps, was read at the meeting of the Association in Southern California, and is published by request.

A vote was taken on an anti-dive order, last Monday night, in the Board of Supervisors, and it was lost; five voting for it and six against. A motion will be made next Monday night for a reconsideration, but, we fear, with little prospect of success. This city is ruled by the saloons, no matter whether the Republican or Democratic Party is in power. If we want municipal reform in the matter of dives, saloons, or honest government, we must get it by a movement outside both of these parties as now constituted. The bosses of both parties cater to the bad elements. If there was any disposition in the Republican party, which is in power in this entirely Republican Board of Supervisors, to make any concessions to the moral, respectable, and religious elements, it would seem as though they would have done it by passing this dive order. They could not do less and do anything at all. Large meetings have been held for weeks in protest against the dives; a prominent daily newspaper has been pronounced in the crusade; a strong showing has been made; the places have long been known to be infamous. The bill introduced was not strong enough to suit the protesters. But even this little thing is not granted by this Republican board. Judging by the past, they seem to expect that a large element of respectability in the party will continue to vote the ticket, no matter how low they go in catering to the worst elements in the city. Can anything more be done to shame our good, tax-paying citizens to action? Language is not strong enough to express the contempt we ought to have for ourselves if we do not revolt against this shameful tyranny of the lowest sort. And when the revolt comes, as we hope it has come and will appear in force in the coming weeks, it will not be a walk-over. The sleep has been long and profound. The indifference has been astonishing. In the meantime tares have been sown all over the city. There seem to be some divisions among the bosses of both the old parties. If these are real divisions, all the better for the new movement. But we should not predicate very much on that. The old parties are led by wily politicians, who know all the tricks. They are well organized. The better elements in this city are not organized, or, if organized, they are in separate bands, and it will not be easy to combine. But the attempt should be made, and at once. Cannot we agree to work together to do something which shall go toward the ultimate regeneration of this city? Let us be practical, and work together for some common good, if we don't get all we want.

It probably is known to but few of our readers that an out-door meeting for the Chinese is regularly held at 2:30 o'clock every Sunday afternoon, in Waverly Place, between Clay and Sacramento streets, in this city. This is a union meeting of all the missions. An interesting occurrence at one of these meetings, some weeks ago, is narrated by Dr. Masters in another column. We attended the meeting last Sabbath. There was a large attendance, several not Chinese being present. The singing was in English, with a small organ accompaniment, and was very good. The prayer and speaking was in Chinese. Dr. Masters offered prayer and made the first address. A Chinaman from the Presbyterian Mission followed. The order of service is made out in advance, and each of the missions is represented in turn. The attention and order were good, and such a service cannot fail to reach large numbers and do great good.

The labor trouble at Homestead, Pa., has already cost over \$1,000,000 and the lives of eleven persons there, besides the great trouble it has stirred up in other places. It is quite doubtful if the outbreak would have occurred in the Cour d'Alene mines but for it. And what cause was there for the trouble at Homestead? Why, the average wages of those most poorly paid was \$80 per month, and from that they ran up to \$275 per month. Surely the sympathy of working people cannot be very great for those who decline to work at such wages; nor for those miners in Idaho who were receiving \$3.50 per day. The driving out of the non-union men in Idaho and their massacre was brutal in the extreme.

This is the last week of the Mills meetings in Oakland. Last Sabbath it is stated that fully five hundred persons signed the cards. We do not understand there is any diminution of interest or attendance, but rather an increase. The tabernacle is full night after night. To-day the stores are nearly all closed during most of the business hours; it is an all day of religious services. May it be truly a pentecostal day in which as many as on the first pentecostal day shall repent and be filled with the Spirit.

As a man is so must you treat him.

NEW YORK LETTER.

The Endeavor Convention last week was a notable event. It was an American affair, and reflected national characteristics. We are fond of big things. Our intense, vehement and aggressive tempers, our varied and cosmopolitan life, were exhibited in this mammoth meeting. Twelve or fourteen thousand, it is estimated, were at once engaged in the services at Madison Square Garden. The building covers a block, is built of terra cotta brick, is well lighted by day and has 4,000 electric lights at night. A thousand more blaze from the tower, which rises 341 feet above the street. Probably no more spacious auditorium exists in the land, for the old Coliseum is no more which at the Boston Peace Jubilee sheltered forty or fifty thousand people. More than twenty denominations met in this Convention, the Presbyterians leading. There were overflow meetings in the Opera House and several churches. No accident marred the occasion. Had a panic occurred in that immense multitude, the result would have been appalling. As I stood on the steps of the platform, which was packed with hundreds of people—perhaps a thousand—the tremor and strain felt under my feet, as a stream of out-going people struggled with another of new comers, my memory called up the catastrophe at the Shanghai Conference, May, 1890, when a great staging collapsed and hundreds were crushed in a heap. I was not comfortable last Saturday until off the platform and outside the surging crowd. Of course, one wishes to get a glimpse and feel the impulse of such a meeting, even though the voice of the speaker is lost. The usual variety of topics occupied attention. Personal consecration was urged, loyalty to his own church and its work, home and foreign missions. The phenomenal growth of the organization and the tendency to exalt the numerical features and the social side at the expense of the spiritual—these and other perils are realized by Dr. Clark and his associates. Rapid growth often means early decay, where the conditions of genuine power are overlooked. The expense involved in this Convention, though enormous, will be justified, if the permanent results are what its leaders earnestly pray they may be.

The midsummer finds many of our churches scattered, and their edifices closed. The *Christian Register* (Unitarian) warns us that worldliness is likely to make our summer a spiritual winter to our souls. It emphasizes the sacredness of the Lord's Day, and calls on Christians not only to observe the outward form of public worship during the summer vacation, but to make its holy temper a regulative in personal conduct.

The performance of the tragedy of the Crucifixion at the World's Fair, as one of its shows, is proposed by certain mercenary persons. The *Christian Advocate* says it is justly called "a damnable blasphemy" that wakes a shudder in every Christian heart. Admitting that simple-minded Bavarian peasants have felt its power as a religious memorial, the *New York Sun* says that its repetition at Chicago is a heinous notion, which the country cannot tolerate. With Sunday opening, liquor selling, and other abominations, the whole thing is not likely to reflect much honor on a Christian nation.

Father Chiniquy is laboring at present in Brooklyn. He is a monumental man. Eighty-three years have given him a wide and rich experience. Born in Quebec, he served twenty-five years in the Papal Church, thrice declining a bishopric. He persecuted to blood, and since he renounced Romanism he has himself been like persecuted by its followers. The pulpit from which he now speaks is that of Pastor Walsh, once a Trappist monk, but for years a preacher of Protestant Christianity. "There is a massing of forces in cities," says Father Chiniquy, "and an effort to secure the political power in the interests of Rome." The Jesuits have not been favored by the Brooklyn Bishop till now. A new prelate, educated by them, has come into power there, and these intriguers, driven out of Europe, have, with us, free scope for their wiles. They are not backward to improve their opportunity.

July 12, 1892. OCCASIONAL.

NOTES FROM THE Y. P. S. CONVENTION.

I felt the Convention 15,000 strong at Minneapolis, one year ago, to be the voice of God speaking through men to men and saying, "My kingdom is coming." To-day, with more than doubled emphasis, through more than 30,000 delegates, from all leading Protestant denominations on the globe, and from nearly all lands, the same voice speaks in this great metropolis of the New World. The message is the same: "My kingdom is coming; yes, is near at hand." New York glances and turns inquiring eyes upon the crowds that throng her streets with C. E. badges. Who are they? What is their purpose? What is your society for? How long is your Convention going to hold? What sort of a religion is it? etc., etc., are questions that every delegate has heard and answered

many times. One question more New York cannot fail to ask in heart, though not with tongue perhaps, and that is: What are we going to do about it? The importance of the work must be felt all over the world as the secular press, with more or less of accuracy, simply note the prominent men outside professional religious work who have endorsed this United Christian Endeavor movement from its platform here. Among them are Secretary of State John W. Foster—known the wide world over, and who said in the course of his remarks, "I wish that the critics who declare that the Christian religion is on the decline might behold the sight before me and see the truth"; the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, not less known nor less honored, whose words were equally emphatic; the Hon. John W. Wanamaker who, knows how to put religion into his business, and business into his religion; and that grand soldier, General O. O. Howard, whose influence is always for Christ and his Church, as well as for home and native land. That the world already feels the influence of the C. E. movement is manifested when, as yesterday, an Indian from Alaska, whose ancestors knew no civilization, and an Indian from India whose pride is in the excellence and antiquity of their civilization; the son of an African king, and a daughter of Japan; an educated Chinaman and representatives from the Sandwich Islands, Australia, Spain, England and nearly all her provinces—meet on one common platform in the United States and testify their appreciation for Christian Endeavor. Add to these the testimony of telegrams received from China and Russia, and one begins to realize the vastness of the movement.

I would like to speak of the junior work, which is now moving on with God's own power in it. But I will simply say this: It is equally important with the senior work and may afford a happy means for great good in churches whose pastors are hopelessly longing for the right man to conduct a Boy's Brigade.

It is a solution of a great problem; but, like all great problems, it requires faith and devotion to work it out. But it is surely a true solution. Ever yours,
REV. S. M. DODGE.
New York, July 9, 1892.

DEAR PACIFIC: The eleventh annual convention of the International Society of Christian Endeavor has adjourned. I cannot call it a thing of the past, for it is most vividly present in the minds of thousands of unbelievers as well as Christians. Probably two hundred and fifty thousand people who in winter walk the streets of New York and Brooklyn were cooling themselves in the country last week.

The advent of three thousand Christian Endeavorers hardly made an impression on these great cities, so far as their number of men and women alone were concerned. Yet it is safe to say that the impression made by that host as the representation of a principle has never been equalled anywhere. I refer to the principle of Christian unity. The world delights in saying, "See all the different sects calling themselves Christians"—all biblical, all right, and all the others wrong in their estimation. The falseness of the statement is emphatically answered in this union of thirty different denominations, represented by thirty thousand delegates, assembled for four consecutive days to consider the best means for advancing the cause of the one Saviour of the world, and not a harsh, unkindly word spoken in that time. The motto—"One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren"—is inscribed on the heart and manifested in the life of every true Christian Endeavorer. That this in no way interferes with denominational work, was most clearly shown by the grand denominational rallies on Saturday afternoon, from which the members returned on Sunday to the Christian Endeavor services, full of faith and loyalty, and of true Christian love.

One speaker aptly said: "As we think of making a train of cars of coupling-links as to think of an interdenominational work without the denominations." And another, speaking of his loyalty to his own Church, said: "I would not give it up for the world. No! not for all the world; but for Christ I would." In the Christian Endeavor movement, so evidently born of God, there is common ground upon which over a million of souls of many shades of belief gladly meet and work, and testify of their loyalty and love for Jesus the Christ. When the hour for the closing service came, and State, province, island and nation, so far as their representatives were known to be present, had taken their part separately in the consecration service, President Clark said: "Have I omitted any? Are there representatives from other nations present?" Then arose one after the other—representatives from Persia, Spain, Russia, England, Scotland, Tarsus, the home of Paul's childhood; China, Syria, Nineveh, to which Jonah so unwillingly prophesied; Liberia, Mexico and France. Other nations also had spoken in this Convention, and it was all for Christ. During the last twelve months one hundred and twenty thousand souls have come into

church membership through the Christian Endeavor Society. If the millennium is not near at hand, surely it is coming through this grand God-inspired movement. May God grant that no false pride in any denominational branch of the great Church of God shall blindly hinder the advance of this great work. While we must work in our own denomination to secure immediate and permanent results, we are all serving one Master and we broaden our views, enlarge our hearts and increase our efficiency in his work by full and earnest cooperation in the Society of Christian Endeavor.
S. M. DODGE.
New York City, July 12, 1892.

FROM NEW YORK.

BY REV. DR. L. H. COBB.

Can any of the readers of THE PACIFIC recall a convention of Christian workers numbering as many or more than 35,000? If so, when and where was it held? That number is claimed to have been present at the eleventh convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, July 7-11, 1892, here in New York. Nothing that thoughtful attention to details for the welcome and comfort of the guests while here could do, was left undone. Badges and programme books, maps of the city, with cards of introduction, badges of designation, were ready for free distribution. When on Thursday, July 7th, the great convention filed into "the Garden," filling every seat and all allowable standing room in the aisles, a spectacle was presented which a man may never expect to look on again until he stands "in the midst of the multitude which no man can number," beyond the present life. Delegations came in, as much as possible, by States. They were warmly welcomed and enthusiastically cheered. One of the patriarchal pastors of the city, Rev. Dr. Deems of the Church of the Strangers, gave a very cordial, fitting and enthusiastic welcome. Brooklyn had a voice in the welcome. President Gates of Amherst responded. President Francis Clark, the father of this movement, and the man whom God has evidently raised up for the very purpose of leading it forward, gave a very excellent address, modest, devout, grateful, basing the movement on an inspiration higher than man. The object of the organization is very closely related to the development and growth of the kingdom. The relation of the organization to the churches is thoroughly loyal, unsectarian, and yet denominational, as far as necessary. The speaking from the platform of a general meeting and the pulpits of the churches where the overflow meetings were held was of a very high order on a specific topic connected with the work, aimed in every instance to throw light on the methods of management and the details of execution, to keep the organization where it started, in closest sympathy with the work of the churches.

No language can describe the effect of the singing, when the whole congregation, led by a large choir under the direction of Messrs. Sankey and Stebbins, joined in the new songs, largely selected from Gospel Hymns No. 6, Endeavor Edition. The effect was thrilling. From first to last the very best order and most commendable decorum were preserved, when in session and out of session. Scarcely enough in the way of newspaper gossip occurred to make a single sensational heading. That not one of this great number should fall into a trap would be something more than could possibly be expected. It may seem a joke to say that only one Christian Endeavorer is yet reported as having been seen on the street smoking. There may possibly have been two, I hardly dare make positive assertion on that; but we are sure of one thing, it was not a tobacco-smoking and beer-drinking crowd. They came for business, attended to business, and have now mostly gone quietly to their homes. From five to seven thousand in a 6:30 A. M. prayer-meeting is something delightful to witness. It is not likely so large an assembly will ever be gathered again, for, with all the enjoyment, excellent planning and execution, there was a serious drawback in the fact that not more than one-half the audience could hear the speakers. Not more than one man, to say nothing of the ladies, in a hundred can make himself heard in a hall the size of "The Gardens." Knowing the difficulty of being heard, most men threw their voices to the top of their heads and then screamed. The men who did understand the tricks of speaking in so large an audience-room keyed their voices lower, spoke slower, struck fire, rose higher, as the audience rose. Such men will be remembered. Among them Postmaster-General Wanamaker, Secretary of State Foster, and the omnipresent Chauncey M. Depew. Even Joseph Cook, with his great experience, failed to be heard by anywhere near all his audience. Thousands of the readers of THE PACIFIC will have the "Golden Rule" edition, which contains the report of the whole meeting. That report will be next to an attendance on the sessions, but no man can imagine the inspiration of such an audience, its utterances and its enthusiasm, unless he was present.

God speed the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor!

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

At the last Monday Club, among the visitors were Rev. E. R. Brainerd of Montone, Cal., Rev. and Mrs. P. S. Knight of Salem, Or., Rev. Dr. J. H. Harwood, Rev. Dr. James Tompkins of Chicago, and Rev. B. F. Sargent of Fresno. Instead of the regular order for the day, the time was gladly given to remarks from visitors.

Dr. Tompkins has been for fourteen years Superintendent of home missions in Illinois; he said that in that time 112 churches have been organized; during the last seven years 27 churches have been organized in the Southern third of Illinois. In that part of the State Ingersoll used to live, and infidel clubs were formed. Our work has resulted in the disbanding of two of those clubs. We employ seven evangelists. Your Superintendent, H. D. Ward, was our first evangelist. We pay our evangelists \$1,200 and their expenses; the seven have not cost the society more than half their salary and expenses during the last eight years; one of them has never cost the society anything; he gets it all from the fields where he labors. One individual assumes the support of one evangelist; another gentleman assumes half the support of another. The Superintendent makes all the appointments of these evangelists. They usually stay about three weeks in a place. They assist pastors, and they fill vacant pulpits. We use two tents—one will hold 500 and one 900. We pitch the tent for the time, sometimes in places where we have church buildings. People will go to the tents whom we cannot at first get to the churches. We do not use the tent much in Chicago, but in Central and Southern Illinois. To get hold of the people we must adopt methods which our fathers did not use. We have a City Missionary Society in Chicago, with its Superintendent. Our work in Chicago began twenty years after the First Presbyterian church was organized there. We have 52 churches in that city. We occupy places which we expect will develop into churches and other localities where we expect there will only be missions. The Bohemian mission has a \$30,000 building, and membership of fifty. Our Theological Seminary is a great help in this work. Sixty students are now employed in over twenty missions. Professor Samuel I. Curtiss is the most active with us among the professors; and he strangely is the Professor in Hebrew.

Rev. P. S. Knight spoke of his first meeting with the California brethren at the Association in Sacramento twenty-seven years ago. He saw but two present whom he met at that time, Revs. Dr. Warren and Joseph Rowell. Then it took him seven days to return by sea, now he came by rail in thirty-four hours. He spoke very pleasantly and hopefully of the material and religious progress in Washington, Oregon and California. Rev. Dr. J. H. Harwood is just in from evangelistic labors in San Luis Obispo county, where the work is progressing. He has followed up the Mills meetings in various places in the Southern part of the State and gathered in the souls; he expects to do some of that work in this part of the State. Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams will read a paper at the meeting next Monday on "Christology."

Rev. J. A. Cruzan preached in the First church in this city last Sabbath morning, and Rev. F. B. Pullan in the evening. Both sermons were excellent.

Rev. Dr. C. O. Brown accepts the call of the First church, and expects to enter upon his work as pastor by the 1st of September; he hopes also to be here a week or so in August while the Mills meetings are being held in the First church, which is very desirable.

Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams, Plymouth church, preached in the morning on "Salvation by Fellowship." Rev. B. F. Sargent of Fresno preached in the evening. Plymouth church will hold a special prayer-meeting preparatory to the Mills meetings on Friday evening of this week.

A junior society has been organized in the Plymouth-avenue Congregational church, Oakland. The interest taken by the boys and girls is very encouraging. They have had a first-class social, and are forming an orchestra among themselves.

The Fourth Congregational church of this city, Rev. H. H. Wikoff, pastor, held a social on Thursday evening of last week to express their unabated interest in their pastor and his work. Pastor Wikoff, with his family, had recently returned from their vacation spent in the beautiful hills of Sonoma county, where they also enjoyed the cordial fellowship of former parishioners. Last winter he incurred some expenses in connection with his ministerial work for the church, which he quietly paid without mentioning it to the officers of the church, and they in turn awaited their opportunity to retaliate to the full extent of Gospel practice by quietly presenting to him a generous purse, "full measure, pressed down," much to the gratified surprise of our worthy brother. It was a noble

thing, admirably done, and, doubtless, gratefully appreciated. D.

Rev. Dr. Pond preached in the evening on "What a Decent Person Will Do, Different from What He Did Before, When He Becomes a Christian."

Rev. Mr. Cruzan preached to the Third church people in the evening. Doubtless it was a pleasant service to both preacher and hearers.

Rev. H. H. Cole preached at Olivet church on "A Revival from God." A large and very encouraging consecration meeting was held.

There were three conversions at the Mariners' church during the last Sabbath.

At the request of Rev. B. Fay Mills, the pastors of the city will conduct the noonday services at the Young Men's Christian Association Hall from now until the opening of the evangelistic meetings, July 28th. After that Mr. Mills and Mr. Greenwood will take charge of the meetings every day except Saturday and Sunday at 12 o'clock, and the Association Building will be the headquarters of the evangelistic movement.

Four were received into Crockett church last Sunday week. One adult was baptized. Rev. L. L. Wirt assisted Brother Sneed.

Rev. Dr. Warren preached at Sausalito in the morning, and at the Devadero-street mission in the evening.

Rev. A. K. Crawford has supplied our Church at Napa for the last three Sabbaths.

Rev. Dr. James Tompkins supplied our First church in Berkeley in the morning, and preached in the First Presbyterian church, Alameda, at night.

Rev. W. N. Meserve is taking a short, well-earned vacation at Pacific Grove.

Popular quarterly meeting of the Golden Gate Union, which includes all the Christian Endeavor societies of this city, will be held on Thursday evening of this week at Howard Presbyterian church, Mission street, near Third.

"Christ our Righteousness" was the subject of Brother Chase's Sunday morning sermon at Sonoma. The evening sermon was from the story of the Prodigal Son. Attendance at the Endeavor society and evening service was considerably larger than usual.

Miss Hattie L. Doyle, 698. Thirty-fifth street, Oakland, was appointed at the State Christian Endeavor Convention as Secretary for all Congregational societies. Any information concerning plans of work, both in senior and junior societies, will be cheerfully given. Is there a junior and senior society in your church? If not, why not? Send for any needed help to the above address.

EASTERN.

Park church, St. Paul, is building a new house of worship.

The church at Union Grove, Wis., is building a new house of worship.

Oak Park church, Minn., dedicated its new house of worship June 26th.

The church in Owens' Grove, Iowa, dedicated its new house of worship July 3d.

A church of twenty members, to be called Christ church, Mt. Hope, New York, was organized June 13th.

Grace church, South Farmington, Mass., dedicated its enlarged house of worship June 29th—sermon by Dr. Reuben Thomas.

Hiram Camp of New Haven, who gave the \$25,000 with which Dwight Moody erected his famous school at Northfield, has in the last year added \$75,000 to the endowment.

The gospel wagon still keeps on its journeys in Oklahoma, carrying the gospel to the destitute. It is now a year since it first started, aided by the American Home Missionary Society.

Rev. Minot S. Hartwell of Chicago has received a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Pioneer Presbyterian church of Marinette, Wis., at a salary of \$1,800, and the free use of the parsonage.

The East-avenue church, Lockport, N. Y., is now worshipping in its new and beautiful chapel, which seats about 500, and is supplied with all modern conveniences. This church is but two years old.

Dr. Geo. L. Walker, formerly pastor of the first church, Hartford, accepts the position of pastor emeritus, but declines the offer of a salary of \$1,000 per year. He will occupy the parsonage until it is wanted.

Sanger, Fresno county, was the scene of a brutal outrage last Friday night. One Michael Blume, charged with the murder of A. G. Haskins, was taken from the jail by eight men and hung up twice until he was insensible, in order to extort a confession, in which they did not succeed. Men must not be allowed to take the execution of the law into their own hands. Every alleged criminal must have a fair trial. But here is the weakness of the case. The many travesties in justice in our courts are an unanswerable cause for lynch law; but lynch law is a very poor substitute. We must reform our courts.

THE BAY ASSOCIATION.

The Bay Association met with the Olivet church, San Francisco, July 11th. Rev. Dr. Warren was elected Moderator, and Rev. David Wirt, Scribe. Much interest was added to the meeting by the presence of Professor F. H. Foster of Oberlin, to whom, together with Rev. B. F. Sargent of Fresno, the courtesies of the Association were extended. Letters of dismission were granted to Revs. W. W. Madge and Geo. B. Allen. After devotional exercises, led by the Moderator, sermon plans on Rom. viii: 16 were presented. So few of the brethren had prepared themselves for this exercise that the gentle words of reproof by Chaplain Rowell seemed not untimely. A most bountiful and appetizing lunch was prepared for the Association by the ladies of the Olivet church in their church parlors, eliciting many expressions of appreciation and praise from the takers. The afternoon session was made one of especial helpfulness by the inspiring sermon of Dr. Moor. He took for his text II Pet. i: 12. Selection of place for next meeting was left to the Moderator and Scribe. Sermon plans are to be presented on the last clause of Phil. iii: 10—"That I may know him and the power of his resurrection"—at the next meeting. Rev. J. A. Cruzan was a most welcome visitor to the Association, of which he was a member. By invitation he briefly addressed the meeting. The committee appointed to draft memorial resolutions, expressing the deep sense of loss this Association feels in the death of their brother, presented the following, which were accepted:

IN MEMORIAM.

Since our last meeting the Heavenly Father has called our revered and beloved brother, Rev. Joseph A. Benton, D.D., from toil, and weariness, and pain, to the blissful rewards of heaven.

As members of the Bay Association of Congregational Ministers, therefore, we tender to the family of Dr. Benton our heartfelt sympathy in this their hour of trial. In their behalf we ask that the God whom he served may so multiply his comforts that, through faith, they may share in the gladness of that life whose fullness he is tasting.

As his fellow-laborers, we also gratefully recall what he has been to this Association—his service in its organization, his punctual attendance at its meetings, his varied and valuable contributions on subjects relating to ministerial culture, his judicious counsel, and the stimulus of his strong and hopeful Christian spirit. We bear affectionate testimony to the support and encouragement received from him by our churches; to some of which he was a father, to all a ready and efficient helper.

Our Theological Seminary we look upon as in no slight degree his monument. With it he was identified from the beginning; to it all the equipment of his riper years was given without stint. He was its oldest professor. He cared for it with parental love, and throughout its eventful history, at every point, his guiding, strengthening touch has been felt. Its survival, at critical periods, and its present hopeful outlook, alike bear witness to his unselfish devotion.

To the preachers and pastors who have felt his moulding hand, especially, there are woven into these memorial words visions of the faithful, painstaking teacher who was more than all a friend, and whose life was a constant witness for his doctrine. To these pupils he imparted much of his own spirit and methods of work, and through them he, being dead, will long continue to speak and to affect the life of these communities.

We thank God for this life; for its long and honorable career, for its Christlike toil and sacrifice, for the serene triumph which marked his passage into the larger and more blessed state of heaven, and for the permanence of his ministry of good in the world. We pray for a like faith and patience in all the members of this Association; and for the blessing of God upon those sacred causes to which his life was consecrated, the prosperity of which is his joy and crown.

JAS. B. EDDIE,
E. C. OAKLEY,
LOYAL L. WIRT,
Committee.

JUST OVER THE LINE.

EDITORS PACIFIC: Will you please allow me space in your columns to tell a bit of news regarding religious work here. Rev. E. H. Bickford came to this field by the request of Superintendent Ford of the Home Missionary Society of Southern California, and took up the work here with three charter members for a backing, holding the first meeting in the Masonic Hall, May 1st, with twenty-five present at the morning service, and sixty-five in the evening. The deep interest manifested at the first service, called forth by the timely and appropriate remarks of the speaker, was doubtless the incentive which earned for him the unanimous call to become the pastor of the First Congregational church at this place. The wisdom shown in the selection has been fully demonstrated by the great work subsequently accomplished. The first difficulty to be met and overcome was the lack of a place of worship. This obstacle was soon overcome by securing a hall for a series of special meetings to commence May 22d. But having secured the hall without a seat in it, and no chairs to rent at any price, the only way out was to purchase chairs outright, which was done, and the little church and its zealous pastor felt like buckling on anew the armor for the great work to be done here. The special meetings began as we had planned, continuing for three weeks. Over twenty-five cards were signed by persons accepting the Lord Jesus Christ as their Saviour. And Sunday, July 3d, was a "red letter" day; nineteen were received into full membership, eight coming by letter and eleven by confession. At the evening service the hand of fellowship was given to all the new members. The hall was crowded to overflowing, many being turned away. The pastor is greeted by a full congregation of attentive hearers. A full choir and orchestra leads the singing. Whatever of doubt or fear of failure at first entertained, has wholly disappeared. The horizon of the future looks bright and encouraging for this church. The next move will be to build a house of worship.

ONLY AN OBSERVER.

SAN LUIS OBISPO, July 18, 1892.

The undersigned, Treasurer of the California Chinese Mission, acknowledges the receipt of the following amounts, from June 23 to July 15, 1892:

I. From Local Missions:	
Fresno—Chinese monthly offerings, \$9.50;	
Miss J. R. Benton, in part to constitute Mrs. Dickie a life member, \$5.14	50
Los Angeles monthly offerings, 2	75
Mayville monthly offerings, 8	00
Oakland monthly offerings, \$2.45; annual memberships (Chinese), \$20.23	45
Petaluma—Monthly offerings, \$2.50; anniversary offerings (in part), \$5.75	85
Riverside—Monthly offerings, \$1.65; annual memberships (Chinese), \$4.56	56
Sacramento—Monthly offerings, \$5; Louie Sing, to constitute himself a life member, \$25.30	00
San Bernardino—Monthly offerings, \$5.25; a friend, \$1.62	25
San Diego—Monthly offerings, \$3.20; annual memberships, \$9.12	20
San Francisco—Central: Monthly offerings, \$6.80; annual memberships, \$20; Lee Gam, in part of life membership of Mrs. George Moor, \$4. West: Monthly offerings, \$2.50; annual memberships, \$7; Mrs. S. C. Hazelton, \$5; Mrs. Alice M. Ladd, \$1.50; Mrs. H. W. Lamont, \$1.47	80
Santa Barbara—Monthly offerings, \$2.90; annual memberships, \$12; Mrs. C. R. Weldon, \$5.19	90
Santa Cruz—Monthly offerings, \$6.75; annual memberships, \$6.50; Soo Hoo Dong, \$3.16	25
Saratoga annual memberships, 6	00
Stockton monthly offerings, 4	60
Ventura—Monthly offerings, \$1.35; Soo Hoo Tong, \$3.43	35
Grand Total, \$219	95

II. From Individuals.	
Mrs. George Moor, \$2	00
Mrs. W. W. Lovejoy, 2	00—4
00	
III. From Eastern Friends:	
Portland, Me.—Wong Ying, \$5; Lee Sing, \$5.10	00
Through Rev. F. B. Perkins, 40	00
Amherst, Mass.—Mrs. R. A. Lester, 100	00—150
00	
Grand Total, \$373	95

WM. A. RUTHRAUFF,
Treasurer C. C. M.

Both houses of Congress have just voted to close the Columbian Exposition on Sunday. The matter is not entirely settled, but the prospect is now good that the great Fair will be closed on God's Day. This is a great cause for thankfulness. A bill, preventing the sale of liquors on the grounds, passed the Senate one day last week, but was reversed the next day, on statements made by both the Illinois Senators. Your own senators did it, Illinois friends.

H:O:M:E:S

— IN —

Beautiful :: Berkeley

Very few readers of THE PACIFIC are aware of the superior attractions of Berkeley, or how easily a lot can just now be obtained in its beautiful "SCENIC PARK."

In addition to fine climate, good water, and no taxes, Berkeley has exceptionally good schools—private, grammar and high schools, besides the State University; also, it is very convenient to San Francisco and Oakland, return tickets being only 25 cents to one, and 10 cents to the other.

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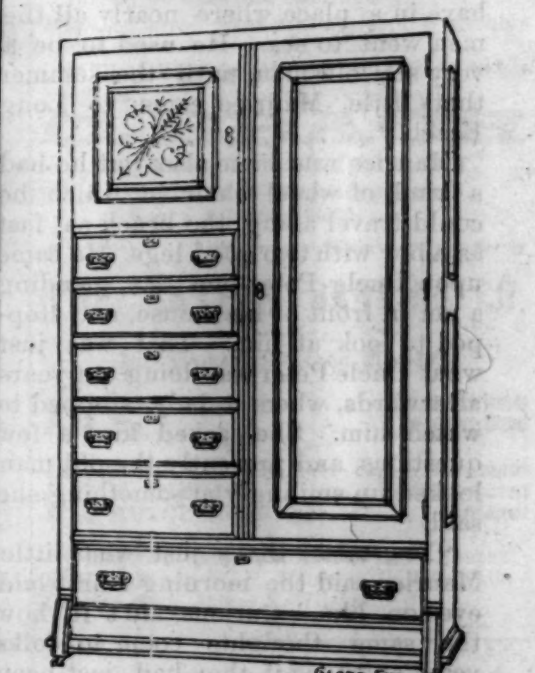
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Little Things.

A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go;
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel flog
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare
After the toil of the day,
But it smooths the furrows out of the care
And lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind,"
"I love you, my dear," each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find;
For love is tender, as love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress;
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless;
But we dole love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

—Union-Signal.

THE FISHERMAN'S STORY.

Long Beach might have been called the "Children's Beach," for while they had children at Deep Harbor and East Bay by the dozen, you were sure to find them at Long Beach by the score. The beach was smooth, sheltered and safe; the long, gentle slope of white sands ran far out, with no pits or hollows, or dangerous undertow, and the great homely hotel looked so hospitable, with its plain, old-fashioned furniture, and its warm-hearted, old-fashioned people, that fathers and mothers who had once tried it for their children were sure to come again; that is, if they were sensible fathers and mothers, who believed that sun and wind, and wholesome food, and plenty of frolic by day and sleep by night, were what children needed to give them healthy minds and bodies.

Even the children who could not frolic were not so badly off, for under the shelter of a big gray rock, in a little weather-beaten house that looked much older than the rock did, lived an old white-haired fisherman, who was a sort of fairy god-father to all the little people, but especially to those who were sick or in trouble. If he had any other name than Uncle Peter, I cannot tell you what it was, and I almost think if you had called him anything else, Mr. Brown or Mr. Smith, for instance, he would have been quite puzzled.

Uncle Peter was not only old, but lame; in fact, it was quite likely he would never have been old but for his having been wrecked when he was quite a smart young fellow, and losing one leg and a part of a hand. That stopped his going to sea, and as he must earn his bread in some way, he learned to make nets and mend sails, and was a very handy man to have in a place where nearly all the men went to sea. He used to be a very shy old man, until the summer that little Maurice came to Long Beach.

Maurice was lame also, but he had a kind of wheel chair in which he could travel along the beach as fast as a boy with two good legs. He came upon Uncle Peter one day, mending a net in front of his house, and stopped to look at him. That was just what Uncle Peter was doing ten years afterwards, when a lady stopped to watch him. She asked him a few questions, and presently the old man looked up smilingly at something she said.

"Yes, miss; that's just what little Maurice said the morning I first laid eyes on him. Curious, ain't it, how the same thoughts come to folks years apart, as if they had just been waiting for you somewhere? I never took much notice of young ones, 'cept to wonder whether or no they were going to be sassy and make a mess of my twine. But the little chap came spinning up in that little chair of his, and gave a little nod, as if to say, 'It's all right, Peter,' and sat there as still as a mouse watching me.

"An' pretty soon he said, as if we'd been mates all along, I suppose that's the way James and John were mending their nets when Jesus came along and spoke to them. Wouldn't it be good if he came along here and said, 'Follow me,' to us? He'd have to make us well, wouldn't he? And he would do it. Do you think that when he cured people that were maimed they could see the new arms and legs growing out, or were they just there?"

"You may know what a stupid I was, miss, that I didn't know what he was talking about, no more'n that dog there, and I just stared at him, thinking he might be out of his head.

"Was you always lame?" says he. And I just shook my head.

"Was you lame when you was as little as I am?" he asked. And I says 'No.'

"Then you don't know whether folks can get used to being lame, so as not to mind?"

"And at that I spoke up pretty decided and said, 'No, they can't get used to it; they always mind about it.'

"But we can mind it, and yet not fret, can't we?" says the little chap, with that pleasant voice of his. It's like being willing to take medicine that you don't like, because your father says it's best."

"Where's your father?" says I, not knowing what to say.

"In India, says he. He's a missionary."

"Well, you must know, miss, I

naturally despised heathen and all them outlandish creatures; sailors mostly do, and I looked at that delicate little chap, and says I, 'My pinion your father'd a sight better be tending to you than bothering about a parcel of savages without a spoonful of brains amongst 'em.'

"The little chap looked surprised and sorry, but he spoke just as sweet as ever.

"Oh, you mustn't think so; I don't need my father to take care of me; I'd love to have him.' And I saw him wipe away a tear with his thin little hand. 'But auntie takes care of me, and, you see, it's almost like a missionary myself. That was what mamma said before she died. She knew that I was going to be lame, and not strong, and she said I could give up papa and be cheerful and contented, and pray for him here at home, and that would be giving the very best I had, and nobody could do more than that.'

"Well, miss, that was the beginning of it, but it wasn't the end. If there's any worse heathen anywhere than I was, that had my Bible within reach, as you may say, and never looked between the covers, then I'm sorry for the folks that tries to convert 'em. My heart has been shut ag'in everybody, but that little chap with his soft hands and his sweet voice, he just walked straight in and brought the Lord Jesus with him. It's just wonderful what things there is in that Bible, and how much of it 'pears to have been written for fisher folks, and them that have to do with the sea. Seems to me many times when I sit here working, I can just see that Sea of Galilee, and I'm half expecting that Jesus might be coming by. Because my little chap told me that he says, 'Follow me' to plain, unlearned men in those days, and he made me see how speaking a good word to the children and helping sick folk with their troubles, would be counted for something, seeing it was all I was fit for. And he told me about the last thing that the Lord said to Peter in the Bible was 'Feed my lambs.' My little chap said that when he was dying. Yes, he died here, Miss, just growing weaker and fading away.

"He sent for me to come up and see him, and when I came in the room he opened his eyes and smiled, and said, 'We didn't get the ship done, did we, Uncle Peter? But you can give it to some other little boy. Do you think I could have a ship up in heaven, auntie?'"

"Surely, if you want it," says his auntie. "We shall have everything we want, you know."

"He laughed a little and then said, 'I don't think I shall want anything but mamma for a hundred years. I'm just starving for mamma.'

"He lay still for a long time, and then he made a little sign for me to come close up, and I did. He said to me, in a kind of whisper, 'Jesus said to Peter, Feed my lambs.' That was the last, Miss; he smiled as if he saw something pleasant, and he kept on smiling.

"Tain't much feeding an old man like me can do, but I can let down the bars and call them to pasture. I take a sight of comfort with 'em, Miss, though there has never been anybody like my little chap and never can be, I'm thinking, and I hope he won't be grown up before I see him again.

"About that ship, Miss, I finished it off my prettiest, and it was just like a picture, and painted my little chap's name on the bows, and set it up there where I could see it the first thing in the morning. But one day the minister from Deep Cove was over here, and preached at the tavern, about the folks that don't have the Gospel. And he told of a woman that cut off some of her own flesh to give to her idol to get her sins forgiven, and he said he wished we was half as much in earnest about the Lord Jesus Christ as these poor creatures were about their dumb idols. And it just came to me that instead of making an idol of that ship I'd better see if I couldn't carry salvation to some dark corner. So I took it to the minister and told him to sell it if he could, and put the money in the missionary box, from little Maurice. You wouldn't believe how much they got for it—pretty nigh ten dollars! And I've put a prayer on it every day since. I often wish I could know just what comes of that money, but I s'pose Maurice knows."

—Congregationalist.

THE ORIGIN OF VISITING-CARDS.—It is said that we owe the invention of visiting-cards to the Chinese, and that even so long ago as the Tong dynasty (918-907) visiting cards were used in China. No nation observes so strictly the ceremonies in regard to the paying of visits as the Chinese do, but the cards they use for this purpose are very different from our dainty bits of white paper, being large enough to fold twice, and of a bright red color.

They that make the glory of God their end, and the Word of God their rule, the Spirit of God the guide of their affections, and the Providence of God the guide of their affairs, may be confident that the Lord goes before them as truly as he went before Israel in the wilderness, though not so sensibly.—Henry.

Love's Prophecy.

Love chose a face clear-lighted by the soul,
And wrote on cheek and brow her thought divine:

"The stars shall vanish from the heaven's wide scroll,
Time's story ends—Eternity is mine!"

Life came, and, at her bidding, pain and care
Blurred the fair page, its rosy hues effaced;
Hiding the tender story written there,
With heavy lines, by ruthless fingers traced.

Death came, and breathed upon each crossing line,
Till, sunk in frost, it faded and vanished slow;

And lo! once more, Love's prophecy divine,
From the scarred brow, shone forth with heavenly glow.

And when men looked upon the coffin's face
They said, "He lies in a dream of bliss;
Such calm he wore in manhood's early grace,
So smiled his lips when youth and hope were his."

Under the down-dropped lids there strangel
Serenity light than falls from star or sun;
And a low whisper through the silence swept,
"Time's story ends, when Love's is but begun!"

—Selected.

THE SEVEN WONDERS.

Different authors disagree in describing the seven popular wonders of olden times. At present the pyramids, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Temple of Diana, the Mausoleum, the statue of Jupiter Olympus, the hanging gardens of Babylon, and the Pharos or watch tower of Alexandria, are usually reckoned as the "Original Seven Wonders." With the single exception of the pyramids, all of the above have disappeared. One, two, and three thousand years ago, according to traditions and authentic history, some of them were wonders indeed.

The first of the wonders, the great pyramid of Cheops, is situated seven miles from the banks of the Nile, and twelve miles from Cairo, Egypt. It was built in the childhood of the human race, long before history began. Yet it stands to-day a monument to the memory of a wonderful people. The "Great Pyramid of Cheops" is believed to have been built by the monarch whose name it bears, about three thousand years B. C. Its height is 480 feet nine inches, and its base 764 feet square. Many of the monster blocks of granite used in constructing it weigh thousands of tons. Tradition tells us that 100,000 men were employed for a period of thirty years in constructing it.

The Colossus of Rhodes, the second in the list of ancient wonders, was a great brazen statue of Apollo, which stretched its huge legs across the harbor of Rhodes, and was so large that ships in full sail passed beneath it. It was 105 feet high, and of most exact proportions. The erection of the Colossus was begun in the year 3700 B. C., but was not finished for nearly two hundred years. It was of brass, cast in sections, and was overthrown by an earthquake in the year 224 B. C. It weighed 729,900 pounds.

Fourth in order of prominence was the Mausoleum—the tomb of Mausolus, the first king of Caria. According to Pliny, it had a total height of 140 feet. It was erected by Artemisia, the widow of Mausolus, about 353 B. C. It consisted of a basement sixty-five feet high, on which stood an Ionic colonnade twenty-three and one-half feet high, surmounted by a pyramid, rising in steps to a similar height, and on the apex of the pyramid a colossal group of Mausolus and wife in a chariot drawn by four horses of heroic size. The Mausoleum endured until about the year 1404 A. D., when it was partially destroyed by an earthquake, and finally torn down by the Knights of St. John.

The fifth wonder, the Olympian Zeus, was a statue of Jupiter Olympus, said to have been sixty feet high, and chiefly composed of ivory and gold. It is usually located at Elis, but nothing certain is known of its location or of its reputed builder, Phidias.

The Temple of Diana is another of the seven wonders of the world which has entirely disappeared. It was a magnificent structure, situated upon the Evantine at Ephesus, and was constructed at the common cost of all Asiatic countries. The lofty domed roof was supported by 127 monster columns of Parian marble—the tribute to Diana of 127 kings. The facade of the temple occupied 200 feet upon the Evantine, and the walls stretched back 425 feet, glittering with gems and precious stones.

If possible, tradition and history have told us less about the sixth wonder of the world—the hanging gardens of Babylon—than they have of the fifth. Herodotus does not mention them; Pliny only casually alludes to their existence, and the Scriptural account of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar ignores the subject altogether. Popular accounts of the hanging gardens say that they were huge baskets of brass and iron, 400 feet square, swung on mammoth stone arches, which were erected near the royal palace at Babylon.

The seventh wonder was a combined lighthouse and watch tower, situated on the eastern end of the Island of Pharos, at Alexandria, Egypt. Its construction was begun by Ptolemy Soter about the year 322 B. C. It was 400 feet high and cost a sum equal to \$1,240,000 of United States currency.—St. Louis Republic.

To labor is the lot of man below.

A NATIONAL NAME.

We want a national name. We want it poetically, and we want it politically. With the poetical necessity of the case I shall not trouble myself. I leave it to our poets to tell how they manage to steer that collocation of words, "The United States of North America," down the swelling tide of song, and to float the whole raft out upon the sea of heroic poetry. I am now speaking of the mere purposes of common life. How is a citizen of this republic to designate himself? As an American? There are two Americas, each subdivided into various empires, rapidly rising in importance. As a citizen of the United States? It is a clumsy, lumbering title, yet still it is not distinctive; for we have now the United States of Central America; and heaven knows how many "United States" may spring up under the Proteus changes of Spanish America.

This may appear a matter of small concernment; but any one that has traveled in foreign countries must be conscious of the embarrassment and circumlocution sometimes occasioned by the want of a perfectly distinct and explicit national appellation. In France, when I have announced myself as an American, I have been supposed to belong to one of the French colonies; in Spain, to be from Mexico, or Peru, or some other Spanish-American country. Repeatedly have I found myself involved in a long geographical and political definition of my national identity.

Now, sir, meaning no disrespect to any of our co-heirs of this great quarter of the world, I am for none of this coparceny in a name that is to mingle us up with the riff-raff colonies and offshoots of every nation of Europe. The title of American may serve to tell the quarter of the world to which I belong, the same as a Frenchman or an Englishman may call himself a European; but I want my own peculiar national name to rally under. I want an appellation that shall tell at once, and in a way not to be mistaken, that I belong to this very portion of America, geographical and political, to which it is my pride and happiness to belong.

We have it in our power to furnish ourselves with such a national appellation; from one of the grand and eternal features of our country; from that noble chain of mountains which formed its backbone, and ran through the "old confederacy," when it first declared our national independence. I allude to the Appalachian or Alleghany Mountains. We might do this without any very inconvenient change in our present titles. We might still use the phrase, "The United States," substituting Appalachia or Alleghania (I should prefer the latter), in place of America. The title of Appalachian or Alleghanian would still announce us as Americans, but would specify us as citizens of the "Great Republic."

—Washington Irving.

HOW TO MARK YOUR BIBLE.

I want to speak to those who have difficulty in keeping up interest in the Bible. There has been criticism that much of the teaching here has been in advance of the young people, and they are not interested. It was ten years before I began to grow in the Christian life. Many of the young people are stunted, and do not grow. A man who cannot feed himself won't grow. Those Christians who just believe what the Church believes, who, when you press them on it, don't know much about it, don't grow. The reason is because they have not got to the Word itself. Men who have to be fed with an ecclesiastical spoon don't get the Word at all, but men's theories; and the soul is dwarfed and crippled. Many Christians, if they don't get food on Sunday, don't get anything through the week. Perhaps they feed on geology, and get only stones. There are two things a person must know to be a successful worker for God—that Book and human nature. If a man doesn't know human nature, he won't accomplish much, though he knows the Bible; but with the two, he has a remedy for all the ills of human nature. Some one has said there are four things—admit, submit, commit, transmit. You admit the Bible is true, submit to its teachings, and commit it, and then transmit it; but if a man hasn't it in his own soul, he can't do much toward giving it to others. The reason I mark the Bible is that if people get in the habit of carrying their Bible to church or meetings, and take note-book and pencil, and take down the thoughts, and feed on them, and if they prove food to the soul put marks on the margin, the whole thing will come back to them when they study the Bible, and ministers would do a hundred times the good they do now.—Moody.

GOOD FOR FITS.

For a fit of passion, walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness, count the ticking of a clock; do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a beaver.

For a fit of extravagance and folly, go to the work-house, or speak to the

inmates of a jail, and you will be convinced.

For a fit of ambition, go to the churchyard, and read the gravestones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, and the earth your pillow; corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

For a fit of despondency, look on the good things God has given you in this world, and to those he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes into the garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all fits of doubt, perplexity and fear, whether they concern the body or the mind, whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head or the heart, the following cure may be relied on, for I had it from the Great Physician: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and he shall sustain thee."

INTELLIGENCE IN COWS.

The other morning, a very sultry one, two cows came to our gate, evidently on the lookout for something, and after being at first somewhat puzzled by their pleading looks, I bethought myself that they might be in want of water. No sooner had this idea occurred to me than I had some water brought in a large vessel, which they took with great eagerness. The pair then sauntered contentedly away to a field near at hand.

In about half an hour or so we were surprised and not a little amused by seeing our two friends marching up to the gate, accompanied by three other cows.

The water-tap was again called into requisition, and the newcomers were in like manner served liberally. With gratified and repeated "boo-oo's"—a unanimous vote of thanks—our visitors slowly marched off to their pasture.

It was quite clear to us that the first two callers, pleased with their friendly reception, had strolled down to their sister gossips and dairy companions, and had informed them—how, I cannot say; can you?—of their liberal entertainment, and then had taken the pardonable liberty of inviting them up to our cottage.—Pall Mall Gazette.

HOW LITTLE WRENS LEARN TO SING.

A wren built her nest in a box on a New Jersey farm. The occupants of the farmhouse saw the mother teaching her young to sing. She sat in front of them and sung her whole song very distinctly. One of her young attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes its voice broke and it lost the tune. The mother recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly through with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt, commencing where it had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able, and when the notes were again lost the mother began again where it had stopped and completed it. Then the young one resumed the tune and finished it. This done, the mother sung over the whole series of notes the second time with great precision, and again a young one attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this one as with the first, and so with the third and fourth, until each of the birds became a perfect singer.—Musical Messenger.

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A-nd Carbuncles

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON FOR JULY 31.
ACTS IV: 1-18.

Peter and John Before the Council.

BY REV. W. N. MESSEY.

I. (Vs. 1-4.) *Arrest, and its cause, of Peter and John.* The priests, captain of the temple and Sadducees, were grieved at the bold and effectual preaching of Peter and John. What ever there may have been of mutual jealousy between these parties, they coalesced in the presence of a common foe. Birds of diverse feather will flock together under such conditions. The silversmiths of Ephesus forgot their bickering when they saw their craft endangered by the preaching of Paul; so the temple magnates, seeing their craft endangered, joined forces against Peter and John. So "they laid hands on them." Gamaliel might have counseled differently; wisdom certainly would. Persecution only feeds fuel to the fires of truth.

Howbeit, says the account, many believed. Truth, however unwelcome, has the faculty of winning. Peter and John wrought miracles incidentally; they were preachers, insisting chiefly on righteous living according to a perfect standard, lifting up Jesus as the exemplar. "The natural man" (the priests and Sadducees were "natural" men) "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God." Many responded to that preaching because, having no insurmountable prejudice to serve, they were amenable to the truth.

II. (Vs. 5-12.) *The council convened and Peter's plea.* Rulers, elders, scribes, high priests, priests and numerous individuals gathered together at Jerusalem in self-appointed tribunal—a very respectable gathering. Jerusalem, or, indeed, the whole world, at that time could furnish none more so. More imposing tribunals might have been gathered under the auspices of imperial thrones, but in point of intellectual power and legal acumen this council could not have been excelled. It is more than likely that they were duly conscious of their exalted dignity. Before them stood two men, insignificant in themselves, but worthy of notice, because through them a great miracle had been wrought. They ask, "By what power or in what name have ye done this?" "Then Peter filled with the Holy Ghost." Men sometimes outdo themselves. Circumstances conspire to lift them above their ordinary level, and then, alive to the situation, they prove equal to the occasion. Peter, a plain fisherman of Galilee, an unlettered peasant, stands in the presence of an august assembly unabashed, and towers above his judges by the borrowed majesty of his presence, being "filled with the Holy Ghost." They ask a leading question; he springs bravely and boldly into the very heart of the truth he is commissioned to preach.

Verse 10 is a glorious example of bold and effective preaching. If Peter were preaching to make for himself a great name in the world's esteem, he would not have pursued this course. Manifestly, his whole soul is bent on making a great name for Jesus, whom his questioners had crucified—"whom ye crucified," he boldly and truly said, adding, in order to show them their unutterable weakness and littleness, "whom God raised from the dead." Surely, at this point in the proceedings there is a change about in the situation; Peter and John assume the ermine, and their questioners take place as prisoners at the bar. Never were men more severely blistered by searching words of truth than were these dignitaries under the flashing eye and unsparing tongue of Peter, who, in utter self-forgetfulness, exalted the name of Jesus gloriously, and in words whose ring died not neither in the hall of judgment nor in the great city, but, leaping all barriers, and surviving the ravages of time, has reverberated to our own days through the world, and is ringing on and on to the doing of marvels in the days to come.

He concludes his philippic with notable words—"neither is there any other name," etc. (V. 12.) The Christian world challenges any other name. Mohammed, a mighty name of former days, is represented by the "sick man" of Europe. The "Light of Asia" is one candle power before the incandescence of Christianity. Atheism, agnosticism and every "ism" of every hue (and cry) under the heaven present no name to compare with that Name. This is so manifestly true that every follower of Jesus may dare to be assertive; nay, he must be, or dishonor that mighty name that is above every name in heaven or earth.

III. (Vs. 13-18.) *Further doings of the council.*

1. The council was staggered at the boldness of Peter and John, who, though "unlearned and ignorant," were, nevertheless, mighty preachers. Asking themselves how it could be, they concluded, and rightly; "they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." Companionship with Jesus accounted for it. Peter and John had imbibed their Master's spirit; hence their zeal and ability. Peter nor John nor any man or time has any monopoly of that same spirit and ability. Latent powers of soul blossom into undreamed of energy under the fruitifying power

er of the Spirit. Harmless ingredients become powder and dynamite in right combination; Peter and John, in right combination with Jesus, easily staggered the council.

2. Being by themselves, the council held an earnest conference. "What shall we do?" is the language of their defeat. They could not deny the miracle; what then? A simple aphorism, as true and well-known then as now probably, was the best solution of their problem. Honesty is the best policy. With policy people, honesty is only one mode of procedure; to be followed if it seem best. With single-eyed and single-hearted people, honesty is the only course to pursue. The men of this council were casuists and sophists; they easily temporized with truth, and always had an eye open to the main chance. To make honest acknowledgment that they had been in error would be subversive of discipline, destructive of dignity, and an impeachment of infallibility; therefore, they temporized. They crawled, to use an expressive word.

3. They called the apostles and charged them "not to speak at all, nor teach in the name of Jesus," (v. 18). This was a subterfuge altogether worthy of their meanness. It was "the last resort of imbecility." They could not, with all their ability at disputation, gainsay the fact of the miracle in the presence of a great cloud of witnesses, nor refute the assertions of Peter and John; so they decided to muzzle the defendants and let them go. Had they known that the Book of Acts would in due time be issued, and gain a great celebrity and circulation, and that it would hold them up to scorn and contempt (mercifully suppressing their names), they might have rendered righteous judgment. Could men but know that the unfinished Book of Acts is in the hands of observant and faithful historians, and that the work so faithfully begun is being carried on, they would counsel less with the politic and more with the right.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Prayer-Meeting Topic for Week Beginning July 31, 1892.

BY REV. DR. W. D. WILLIAMS.

Subject—"Christ the only Saviour." (Acts iv: 1-12.)

Life, with many, is an unending round of activities, and its engagements multiply too fast to be completely overtaken. All this is not always of choice, but sometimes of necessity. Even the Church of Christ is imperiled by the very energy of its workers. Its outer life may be developed at the expense of its inner life. It may be in danger of becoming a huge body with a shrunken soul. It will not do to carry on too large a business with insufficient capital, or increase the number of burdens without augmenting our strength to carry them. If the river is broadened at the expense of its depth it may become unnavigable. Our remedy is Christ. We are not saved without works, nor by works, but by Christ only. Christ, and not the multitude of our deeds, is the only Saviour. Animated by love and sustained by faith, we are saved by him whose name is above every name—

"Where'er I look abroad
I see the living form and face of God,
Which men call Nature, all whose loveliness
I garner in my soul with pious care;
And when I look within in thoughtful hour,
I feel a shaping presence and a power
That makes me know the same great God is there.
What more? That were enough had men
been true
To their best selves; but, by base lust enticed,
They fell: till God stretched forth His hand,
and drew
Them from the mire, by His own Son, the Christ."

(I Tim. iii: 16; I John v: 20; Rom. viii: 9, 10; Matt. xviii: 11; Luke xix: 10; John xiii: 17.)

God hates evil, but he desires that men shall be saved. He sent his Son to be the Saviour of the world. He is the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings. He melts away the frosts of sin, and obliterates the darkness of infidelity. He removes the rigor of skepticism, and extinguishes the mists of worldliness. As the earth cannot be beautiful and fruitful where winter prevails, so human nature cannot attain to its best and its loveliest until the Saviour has quickened it with his life. If we try to attain to this by our own nature we shall miss it. Christ is our only Redeemer.

"Exalted Saviour, we confess
The sovereign triumphs of Thy grace."
(John xiv: 6; Acts iv: 12; I Tim. i: 15; Rom. iii: 24; Gal. ii: 16; I Pet. i: 18, 19.)

Christ seeks to save. Love is full of expedients. No sinner will be lost but by his own election. The love of God patiently seeks the wayward. The Shepherd perseveringly goes out into the wilderness to seek the one lost sheep which is lost. Oh, that great love which bore the Saviour into this mortal sphere with its experiences! Oh, the amplitude and continuity of that love of Jesus, which under scoff and scorn and rebuff, sought to save! The officers of justice seek the transgressor, but it is that he may be punished. The dogging detective seeks the criminal that he may bring him to his doom. The prodigal's father may seek him.

son from place to place, only to find him at last on a death-bed, or immured in prison to answer for some crime. But Jesus seeks to save, and no matter who the sinner may be, or what the circumstances may be in which Christ finds him—"He is able to save him to the uttermost."

"He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving kindness, oh, how great!"
(Isa. liii: 4; I Pet. ii: 24; Rom. v: 6, 7, 8.)
PLYMOUTH CHURCH, San Francisco.

TACOMA ASSOCIATION ON A. B. C. F. M.

Following is a copy of minute and request adopted by the Tacoma Association, June 14, 1892:

"Believing it to be high time for the Congregational churches of the United States to have a foreign Missionary Society which shall not only be in close touch with and representative of our churches, but shall also perpetuate the ideal polity of the New Testament which characterizes the churches of our order, and believing that we have in the American Board a society of magnificent efficiency which has been maintained by us to a large extent throughout the whole period of its existence and for many years past almost exclusively, as well as offered by men from our churches; "Therefore, do we respectfully yet earnestly request the corporation of the American Board to take such immediate action as will bring about such changes in constitution and management of the A. B. C. F. M. as shall accomplish these much-to-be-desired results. We further request that the American Board, at its coming meeting in the autumn of this year 1892, appoint, conjointly with the National Council, or independently, a commission to inquire into the ecclesiastical order and government of the churches of the various missions of the Board, and that the results of such investigation be published in full for the information of the churches."

It was also voted that a copy of the above minute be forwarded to the officers of the Board, and that another copy be sent to the proper officer of our National Council, together with the following request:

"We also request that our National Council, at its meeting in Minneapolis in 1892, do appoint, conjointly with the American Board, or independently, a commission to inquire into the ecclesiastical order and government of the churches of the various missions of the American Board, and that the results of such investigation be published in full for the information of our churches."

It was voted that copies of the above resolutions be sent to the leading papers of our denomination.

RECEIVE CHRIST INTO YOUR HOUSE.

Have you thought what a pleasure it would be to receive Christ in the flesh as a guest at your house? Suppose you had lived at Jerusalem when he was there. Would you not have liked for your house to have been as the house of Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, where the Lord loved to stop and rest when on one of his long journeys? Ah! what service! You would have given him the best seat, the first place at the table, the choice piece of mutton, and the best bed. You would not have been content for him to drink any water but that which was brought fresh from the spring by your own hand. At his feet you would have sat and heard him talk for hours, and never have grown weary. It would have been your delight to wash his feet, or to have performed any service to make him comfortable. Now, remember that you are not deprived of such privileges. The opportunity is in your reach—at your very door. You may have the blessed Lord as a guest, and he will be pleased with all the honors you may confer upon him. Do not pine because you may not receive him, for you may. While he was here, he said to his disciples that which is true in all time, "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth him that sent me." "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Now, dearly beloved brethren, do not content yourselves with entertaining Christ spiritually as a guest in your hearts, nor console yourselves with the thoughts of what you would have done, but receive him into your houses by receiving his servants. When you honor them you honor him.—Selected.

THE PASTOR'S WIFE.—The Morning Star says: "There is no reason for expecting a pastor's wife to be also a pastor. True, a good wife will help her husband so far as she can, whatever may be his occupation. Husband and wife ought to help each other; but a pastor's wife is under no more obligations to the church than any other woman in the church of similar ability and opportunities."

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way. There is no action so slight or so humble but it may be done to a great purpose or ennobled thereby.—George Macdonald.

Miscellany.

Life.

What is life? 'Tis joy and gladness,
Summer sunshine sweet and bright,
With no thought of coming winter,
With no looking for the night.

What is life? 'Tis hoping, loving;
Pouring out a whole heart's store,
Not regretting so much given,
Only wishing there were more.

What is life? 'Tis doing, bearing,
Sometimes darkness, sometimes light;
Ever pressing onward, forward—
Always faith, and never sight.

What is life? O God most holy!
'Tis thy blessing full and free;
But a higher lesson still is,
Life is living unto thee.

Let us learn that lesson bravely—
Bravely face earth's storms and strife;
God is not in sunshine only;
Darkness sometimes sweetens life!

For we rest beneath the shadow,
As we could not in the sun;
And in resting strength we gather
For the race we have to run.

For beyond life's utmost portals,
Through the pearl and golden gates,
To each one who fights and conquers
Love and life eternal wait.

—Selected.

POPULAR TALKS ON LAW.

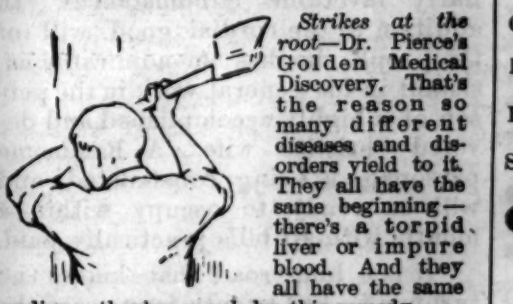
THE EARLY COLONIES—ESPECIALLY THE PLYMOUTH.

Prior to 1588, the date of the accession of Queen Elizabeth, England had not claimed the coast of the new continent south of the 44th degree of north latitude; i. e., south of a line passing in the neighborhood of the southern boundary line of New Hampshire. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth there arose an impulse to colonization, influenced by a desire to limit the power of Spain in the New World, and to extend the territory of England and the Protestant religion. This colonization impulse had its first fruit in the colonies of Virginia and New England, the colony at Jamestown being the first important English colony. For the purpose of a brief study of the early colonies, they may be divided into three classes, the northern, middle and southern; the northern colony including the Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire colonies; the middle including New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Delaware colonies; the southern including Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas and Georgia. A few words regarding the founding of each: The first permanent New England settlement was at Plymouth, in 1620. The pilgrims composing this colony at first had no grant of land. They were intruders, settling on the territory of the Plymouth company, to whom the King had given a charter, covering the continent from ocean to ocean, lying between the 40th and 48th degrees of latitude, a strip of land including all the continent embraced between parallel east and west lines running through Philadelphia and the northernmost point of Maine. In the charter this is called New England. The Plymouth company to whom this grant had been made tried to found a colony on the coast of Maine, but failed. It then ceased to attempt to found colonies, and contented itself in granting lands to others who did found them. It finally disposed of the whole New England coast, and, finally, in 1635 surrendered its charter to the King. The Pilgrims, as stated, settled upon the Plymouth company's grant as intruders, but in 1621, the year after they landed, and in 1629, they received charters from the Plymouth company, from which, however, the Crown withheld an approval, which was necessary to its legality. The Pilgrims, however, continued an association, making its own laws, even although its government was irregular and unauthorized. There were forty-one adult males in the company of the Pilgrims, and before landing they signed the following compact:

"In the name of God, amen. We, whose names are under written, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, defender of the faith, etc., having undertaken, for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute and frame just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof, we have hereunder subscribed our names, at Cape Cod, the 11th day of November, in the year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord, King James of England, France and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, Anno Domini, 1620."

Nothing else can be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer. But he isn't the one who needs help. Beware of spurious imitations or dilutions, offered at less prices.

Washington, D. C., possessing more than \$25,000 each. Wiley Jones, of Pine Bluff, Ark., is a negro, born in that place. Sixteen years ago he was a poor barber. He now owns, free of encumbrance, twelve miles of street railroad, valued, with the equipments, at \$250,000. He also owns several business houses that bring him large rents. Negroes own and operate a bank in Chattanooga, and another in Richmond. They have just received a charter for a real estate investment company in Atlanta. Fortunes of from \$5,000 to \$20,000 are not so rare among the colored people of the South as to excite surprise; while occasionally one is met with having from \$50,000 to \$100,000. In the city of Atlanta negroes pay taxes on \$1,250,000, in Georgia on \$12,332,000, and in the United States on \$263,000,000. There are in the South 21,000 public free schools for the negroes supported by taxation. These schools cost the several States about \$7,000,000 per year. In them are gathered 1,357,000 children. Not less than 2,500,000 of the colored people can read and write. Besides these public schools, a large number of others of various grades, are sustained by private beneficence, mostly operating through northern churches and societies. There are 24,042 colored school-teachers. In colleges, seminaries, academies, high schools, etc., there are 30,445 students. The work of these higher schools is, as yet, largely to train teachers. There are 247 negro young men and women in Europe studying foreign languages and science, intending to return here as teachers. There are 7 colleges, 17 academies and 49 high schools under the charge of negro teachers. Three of the college presidents were once slaves. There are 750 colored physicians, 655 of whom are college graduates. Many of these men have the entire confidence of their white associates in the profession, and are treated by them as their peers in knowledge and skill. There are 250 lawyers, some of whom have a large practice. Before the war an application was made to the United States Patent Office for a patent for a negro inventor. It was denied on the ground that he was a slave. No distinction is now made between black and white inventors, so that the number of each cannot be accurately determined; but the chief of the issue division has recently estimated the number of colored patentees at between 5,000, and 10,000. Their inventions cover a wide range of subjects, and some of them are valuable.



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FROM OREGON.

Tuesday, July 12th, was the first anniversary of the arrival of Rev. Elmer E. Smiley and wife at Vancouver, Washington, to take charge of the Congregational church there. The members of the church and congregation, in anticipation of this event, quietly yet very thoroughly arranged for a surprise house-warming on the evening of the anniversary day. Accordingly, all assembled at the house of a member, and from there marched to the pastor's residence laden with all manner of good things. No department of the household was forgotten. Besides numberless dainty presents, and a great quantity of staple articles of provision, a purse of \$50 was left behind as an evidence of good faith.

A conference of Congregationalists was held at the Holladay-avenue church, east side, to consult about the interests of the German Congregational church in Albina, Rev. M. Koch, pastor. Preliminary plans were laid for the purchase of a lot, on which a chapel will be soon erected. Upwards of thirty families are already united in this organization.

The vacation time is here, and the exodus of all who well can do so to the seashore, the mountains, the farm-house, is fairly begun. Those having homes by the sea are anxious to go to the mountains; those in the mountains to the valleys or the seashore; those in the city to the country, and those in the country to the city—everywhere there is a constant desire for a change of living, of surroundings, of occupation. And who shall say it is not wise? Who shall say that life is not prolonged by it? that the opportunity for usefulness not enlarged? With freedom from the ordinary routine of work there comes the thought that much as rest may be needed, we cannot justly rest from doing good whenever opportunity offers. The truth is, if one's eyes are open, much in this direction might be accomplished, which at other times is neglected. True rest does not consist so much in ceasing to labor as in change of work.

The uppermost topics for thought in every one's mind for several days past have been the troubles at Homestead, Pa., and Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. The latter has more of interest to the citizens of this city, for much of Portland's capital is invested in the mines of that section. But the issues growing out of these awful scenes are of tremendous import to every thoughtful citizen. What is to be the outcome of all this, is very hard to determine. That there must be a new adjustment of conditions in some way, seems very plain. Arbitration is much talked of on every hand by those who assume to be friends of labor, so-called. That might have done if undertaken earlier. To consent to arbitrate now on the part of Carnegie and the mine owners of Idaho would be about like Grant at Appomattox consenting to arbitrate with Lee. The Golden Rule is the only remedy which will permanently heal this cancerous sore, but to practically apply it necessitates a condition of the human heart which does not exist to any great extent at the present time. One thing is certain, however—the death knell of "Pinkertonism" has been sounded. No cause, however just, can be maintained by such hirelings. Ownership to rightfully acquired property must be protected, but it is a confession of weakness for men like Carnegie & Co. to take refuge behind a nefarious private detective system.

Pastor Clapp preached an admirable and timely sermon on "Labor Troubles" this morning. His text was Ephesians ii: 18, "For through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father." His subject was, "God's Methods of Transforming the Enemies and Discords of men into Friendships." In Christ's teachings could be found the solution of all questions affecting the well-being of the human race. The existing condition of things in Pennsylvania and Idaho pointed to a serious condition of our public life, and was a symptom of an aggravated disorder full of threatening to the well-being of our country. To this state of things no Christian man could be indifferent, and it demanded his most prayerful and thoughtful attention. To its equitable solution in the interest of good citizenship, good morals, good government, there was nothing so potent as the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. In fact, this was the only sure and safe remedy. When men were made right with God they would be right with each other.

Rev. Charles H. and Mrs. Curtis of the C. S. S. & P. S. have recently had the sphere of their Sunday-school work considerably enlarged. Instead

of a new field of labor being discovered in some remote and hitherto neglected nook of our State, this time the scene of active and much-needed effort is found close at home. The trust is in good and appreciative hands—hands that are ever willing and always ready to be helpful in any case of emergency. The responsibility of parentage has been placed upon them, as a bright and bonny daughter came to claim the first place in their household a few weeks ago.

The church at Hood River lost its pastor a short time since, Rev. F. M. Aunx having resigned and returned to Michigan, his former home. Rev. David Staver, General Missionary, supplied the church to-day. Rev. Mr. Gilt, of New York State, a brother of Mrs. Charles H. Curtis, has been called. He has accepted, and will be here to begin work soon.

Rev. George C. Hall has resigned his charge at Astoria. He has not been in real good health for some time past.

Pursuant to letters missive issued by the Congregational church of Albany, ministers and delegates from the Congregational churches of Eugene, Corvallis, Salem, Vancouver, and the First church of Portland, met in council in the Albany church, July 5th, for the purpose of ordaining Mr. W. A. Trow, late of Northampton, Mass., recently called to the pastorate of that church. Rev. H. L. Bates was elected Moderator, and Rev. Charles H. Curtis, Scribe. The statement made by Mr. Trow of his religious convictions and belief was highly satisfactory. Rev. Daniel Staver of Forest Grove read the Scriptures; Rev. T. E. Clapp of Portland preached the sermon; Rev. Cephas F. Clapp gave the charge to the pastor; Professor H. A. Shorey of Portland, the address to the people; Rev. Elmer E. Smiley of Vancouver, the right hand of fellowship; and the ordaining prayer by Rev. W. C. Kantner of Corvallis. Mr. Trow begins his ministerial labors at the beautiful city of Albany, under peculiarly favorable circumstances. In addition to the cordial good will of the people, he has an admirable assistant in his general work in the person of a highly accomplished and devoted Christian wife. A handsome parsonage is being constructed, and will be ready to occupy within a month, with all bills practically paid.

"It is a long road that knows no turning." For twenty-four years the Y. M. C. A., Portland, has been at work, under the best available management; as a rule, and still it has no home of its own. Meanwhile, it stands as the center from whence has radiated much that is good, and scores of souls have come into the Kingdom through its influence. Out of it has sprung all that Association stands for in the Pacific Northwest. Many attempts to secure a permanent home have been made, but so far all have been fruitless. Now, however, a more systematic effort than ever before is being put forth, which gives promise in due time of being successful. Hon. H. W. Corbett has subscribed \$10,000 for that purpose. It will probably take a long and persistent canvass to accomplish the object in view, but General Secretary Jacks has undertaken that work with a determination to succeed. Strange as it may appear, it is doubtful if any city of the United States, possessed of the wealth of Portland, is so poorly equipped for Y. M. C. A. work, and where the paramount necessity for such a work exists in a greater measure. The apathy and want of interest in this matter manifested by many of the wealthy men of this city, and most of them professing Christians, is past all comprehension. Not long since the richest man in the State, and a recognized leader in all matters of finance, published in a daily paper, over his own signature, an article commending the Y. M. C. A. in the strongest and most favorable terms to his fellow business men. This was supposed to indicate a purpose to make a good subscription. When he was approached for that purpose, the amount he proposed to give was so ridiculously small that it was refused for the time being. It is plain that, to succeed, the permanent home of the Y. M. C. A. of Portland must be the result of giving by a large number of people of very moderate means.

The work of the Y. M. C. A. on the east side is progressing favorably. The prospects are that a permanent home will be secured before long. Mrs. R. L. Hawthorne has provided a good lot in a central location which she has pledged to deed to the Association, provided a \$15,000 building is erected thereon. There is a good show of this being accomplished before a great while.

Mr. H. A. Detering, formerly of your State, who was called by the Association at Fairhaven, but, upon examining into the financial matters there, declined to accept, is now in this city, temporarily employed in the subscription book business.

Geo. H. Himes.

Portland, July 17, 1892.

ITEMS FROM EAST WASHINGTON.

Colfax church, Rev. H. P. James, pastor, is having unusually good congregations for this time of the year. The heat of the summer drives many to the mountains and the lakes, depleting the usual attendance. The church is in a hopeful condition. Children's Day was observed in the usual way on June 26th; the offering amounted to \$18. Seventy-five copies of the Hymnary have been procured for morning service.

The First Congregational church of Spokane has been very acceptably supplied for two Sabbaths by Rev. J. A. Cruzan, and has extended a call to him, which it is hoped he will accept.

Rev. E. L. Smith has declined the call to the Walla Walla church, much to the gratification of the Genesee church, with which he has worked so acceptably since coming to Washington.

The church at Ritzville has given a call to Rev. D. P. Jones of Leath, Pa., who has been supplying for them a short time, and we learn that the call has been accepted. We are glad to know that this church has secured one to lead them who has done such good work in the past.

Rev. Mr. Helyer, a young man from Yale, supplied for Cheney, July 3d, and for Tekoa last Sabbath, July 10th. Cheney has lately been cut off from Medical Lake, and is desirous of securing a pastor. Tekoa also has been cut off from Farmington, and now becomes a separate field. Rev. O. F. Thayer, who has been the pastor, takes Farmington alone.

"Keep your eye on Pasco," has passed into proverb. This the Congregationalists have endeavored to do. Sometimes the dust and sand have filled our eyes so we could not see, but the outcome is that now we are beginning to see our way clear, as the people have made our denomination a most excellent offer to take up the work, for a while suspended.

One hundred and twenty-five miles of travel by rail, and one hundred miles by stage, over an unendingly rough and precipitous route, crossing two large rivers, the Columbia and the Okanagan one slough so deep that the leaders in the team were loosed, and swam ashore, and Rev. E. J. Singer arrived at Ruby City, one of the mining towns in Okanagan county, Sunday, July 10th. At 11 a. m. services were held, a house more than full attending. A Sunday-school was reorganized, with every prospect of permanency. Sunday evening was spent at Concoully; speaking at 7:30 p. m.

We were glad to see the genial face of Rev. Squire Dailey, pastor of Colville, Chewelah, and Springdale churches, in the city. He reports the work at Colville encouraging. A church building has just been completed at Chewelah. Brother Dailey's regret is that he is not able to spread himself enough to accomplish all he wishes. Much time could be spent at Springdale advantageously, also at Chewelah. More men and more money are the great need.

Spokane, July 15, 1892. E. J. S.

LABOR TROUBLES.

The house in which our services at Franklin are being held is undergoing repairs. The colored miner supposed to have been fatally shot by the foreman, of whom we wrote in a previous issue, is now so far recovered as to be around again, and the social labor and religious complications caused by the shooting are thus modified.

The Pennsylvania Homestead riot corresponds, on a larger scale, to the Franklin trouble of last summer, and causes a renewal of foolish and bitter talk on the part of some miners in Franklin and Black Diamond, who have no rational end in view, and no motive of justice or mercy. This criticism is not intended to apply to any miners who aim in any effectual way to remedy real wrongs, or to alleviate suffering. It is aimed at those who agitate, with unreason and bitterness, to gratify morbid discontent, caused by lack of forethought and providence, which would have enabled them in times of plenty to lay up money and remove the cause of discontent in times of depression.

It is aimed also at others who may not have been improvident, drinking all they earn, but who only add hardness and spiritual misery to lesser physical privation, and in some cases, perhaps, to great want, by a disposition to make life intolerable for all who consent to live in the employ of the Oregon Improvement Company at Franklin, and to have comfortable homes and social and religious privileges there.

This is the disposition and the deliberate purpose of many who have tried to overthrow our church work. In a word of plain, if not elegant English, there are many miners in Franklin and Black Diamond who want to "run" Franklin, or to sink it financially, socially, and, with glaring inconsistency with their religious

professions, when they, as often, are church members, religiously also.

We never oppose a rational effort, backed by an unselfish motive, to right a real wrong; but we unqualifiedly condemn and deplore an immoral attempt to take revenge upon innocent parties and worthy causes, under the influence of envy, jealousy and hatred.

We have been asked to speak plainly. Is not this plain? We see no encouragement to lead in such reforms as temperance and Sabbath observance, people who, in labor and sectarian matters, and in the most sacred functions of religious conviction, will conduct themselves in ways we have outlined in this and previous issues.

We are, however, happy to hope and to believe that it is the settled wickedness of a few, and the thoughtlessness of a few more, and not the fault of the majority in Franklin and Black Diamond, which deserve our reproof. These few are very ready to cry for radical reforms, but they are the first to prove false and retreat when a leader presents himself. They are the corrupt and corrupting sort, eating out the life of our social and religious body, and the sooner caustic appliances burn out the disease germs of this sore the better for all concerned.

Is not this plain? We can give names and particulars, but we are sure that those whose own clamorousness draw from us this general expression of disapproval will be the last to dare to ask for these particulars, which we consider it unwise to give, unless we are forced to do so. "A word to the wise is sufficient," and we trust that wisdom hidden in the heart may appear in the lives of the foolish in the future, and find one word sufficient.

Now, finally, is not this plain? H. F. SHEPARD. BLACK DIAMOND, July 11, 1892.

THAT PRAYER-MEETING.

Who has not attended a prayer-meeting? That reminds me of what my little friend said last night:

"Do you know, I often think a prayer-meeting like ours must be very dull for any one who is not a Christian?" I almost wished the pastor had overheard her remarks, for I know how often he has grieved over the lagging meeting, and how much he has tried to see where the trouble lay. I think my little friend found it. She says, "I think a prayer-meeting needs to be led. Now, our pastor reads a chapter, and it opens up ever so many subjects, and he talks away on all of them; and then he says the meeting is in your hands, and we all look at our hands to see how it looks. And the pastor says, 'Will some one make a selection to sing?' and by-and-by some one finds a hymn, and the meeting goes along. But I can't see why any one who is not a real earnest Christian can care to come."

Just this style of leadership may make a fine meeting where there are scores of earnest workers, ready and anxious to express themselves; but in a small community, with only a few earnest Christians, and they backward at speaking in public, the meeting is certainly better for being led. Perhaps it is only the delight of novelty; but there are a few occasions when the pastor is called away, and one of the lay members takes his place, that are spoken of a long time afterwards. One reason is that all feel a kindly interest in making it easy for a fellow-Christian in an embarrassing position. This reason ought also to urge them to do their best to second the efforts of the pastor when he is present.

Still, it seems that the few very earnest words directly to one point bring out more sympathy than the far better address "all along the line"; and if sufficient opportunity is given for any one desiring a particular hymn to start it, or ask for it, it seems quite a relief to know that the leader's hymn-book is marked with one suitable and familiar, so there is no long pause with a fluttering of leaves, and a "Do we know No. 50?"

Again, while there are short pauses for voluntary prayer or speech, we have no long waits, for either the quick eye or low voice of the leader summons some one, and the time is all used.

Some of our members are careful to save up fine thoughts or precious experiences for the meeting, and so there is a freshness that is attractive. Still, "How to make the prayer-meeting all that it should be," is the great problem we are seeking to solve. Has any one a sure way to succeed? M. E. T. S.

REVIVAL SERVICES HELD BY EVANGELIST CRITTENTON.

There are few evangelists more signally blessed of God in their labors of love than Mr. Charles N. Crittenton, who is now conducting successful revival meetings at the Powell-street Methodist church. Although Mr. Crittenton is himself an Episcopalian, he works in co-operation with all denominations, and wherever God calls him. Since he has been on the Pacific Coast, though part of the time he has been incapacitated by illness, over 3,000 souls have found pardon, peace and purity in Christ through his loving en-

treaties. At the Beulah Park camp-meeting in Oakland recently, over 200 conversions gladdened all hearts.

In philanthropic work, Mr. Crittenton has few peers. A few years since his heart was torn with anguish as he watched the cradle of his baby daughter Florence sink and sink, till it became a grave. In his awful sorrow Jesus took him by the hand and lifted him up; and "he arose," with "the peace that passeth understanding" flooding his soul. Then, like his Master, he "went about doing good"; and as a memorial of his precious child, he has founded Florence Crittenton missions and homes for the rescue of erring girls in New York, New Brunswick, N. J., San Jose, Sacramento, Los Angeles and San Francisco—808 Twenty-fourth street—where thousands have been redeemed.

Mr. Crittenton is assisted in the Powell-street church by Mr. W. E. Shepard of Los Angeles, an evangelist who has dedicated his life to God's service. Meetings every afternoon and evening till July 27th. Com.

It is a good thing to keep the rate of taxation reasonable in this city, or any other city or place, and the Bulletin has done good service by advocating the \$1 on a \$100 limit. But there is another and very bad side to this question. As long as a City Hall ring can put up the assessments, as has been done this year, there is no gain in the \$1 limit, but a positive loss. Tax rates can be and are often changed, but an assessment once made is seldom lowered. Real estate values in this city are not what they were a year ago; but without regard to real values, the assessment has been largely increased. Evidently, the plan is to get the people's money. If they cannot get it by the tax levy, they will get it by increasing the assessment. They must have the money anyway for the various city extravaganzas. This must be stopped; and we see there is to be an effort to make a general reduction of 30 per cent. A resolution passed the Board of Supervisors last Monday by which the proper officers will appear before the State Board of Equalization asking for that reduction. But how does the Assessor dare to make such assessments?

They that make the glory of God their end, and the Word of God their rule, the Spirit of God the guide of their affections, and the Providence of God the guide of their affairs, may be confident that the Lord goes before them as truly as he went before Israel in the wilderness, though not so sensibly.—Henry.

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THE PRACTICAL RESULTS OF INSURANCE.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 25, 1892.

MR. D. GILBERT DEXTER, General agent for The Massachusetts Benefit Association, San Francisco.

Dear Sir: I wish to tender you my very sincere thanks for the prompt settlement of my claim for \$10,000 against the Massachusetts Benefit Association, the same being for the policy of insurance on the life of my beloved husband, Andrew Smith, formerly a merchant of San Francisco. Very truly yours, MARY C. SMITH.

Sums aggregating \$5,600,000 have been paid by this company since incorporation, in 1873, at an expense to policy-holders of 60 per cent. of the "old line" rates. By supplying the very best insurance at the very least cost compatible with safety, our success has come. To-day we have almost \$100,000,000 in force, over 25,000 members, and a cash surplus held in trust of more than \$850,000. Before insuring in or taking an agency for another company, it would be wise for you to call on or address the General Agent, D. Gilbert Dexter, 19 Academy of Science Building, San Francisco.

When, by reason of cold, or from other cause, the stomach, liver and kidneys become disordered, no time should be lost in stimulating them to action. Ayer's Pills act quickly, safely and surely. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisements appearing in our paper from time to time over the signature of Smith's Cash Store. This firm has a large country trade, and can be depended upon to fill all kinds of country orders promptly, and at reasonable prices.

Ladies, call at the Wonder Hat, Flower and Feather Store, 1024, 1026 and 1028 Market street. New Hats, new Ribbons and Flowers, Low prices.

Don't fool with Indigestion. Take Beecham's Pills.

MARRIED.

BURK—MURPHY.—At Plymouth Congregational church, this city, July 17, 1892, by Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams, Wm. H. Burk of Oakland to Miss Annie A. Murphy of San Francisco.

MILLAR—SCOUER.—At the residence of the bride's parents, 830 Vallejo street, on Monday evening, July 11, 1892, by Rev. H. H. Wikoff, Thomas M. Millar to Harriet Scouler, both of this city.

Last night a refrigerator fast fruit train left Sacramento for New York, where the fruit will be shipped on a fast steamer to Liverpool. If this is a success, many trains will follow. The outside cost for freight will be \$5.75 per 100 pounds to London.

Republicans have gone to Montana for the Chairman of the National Executive Committee. Thomas H. Carter is the Montana man. Mr. Campbell would not serve.